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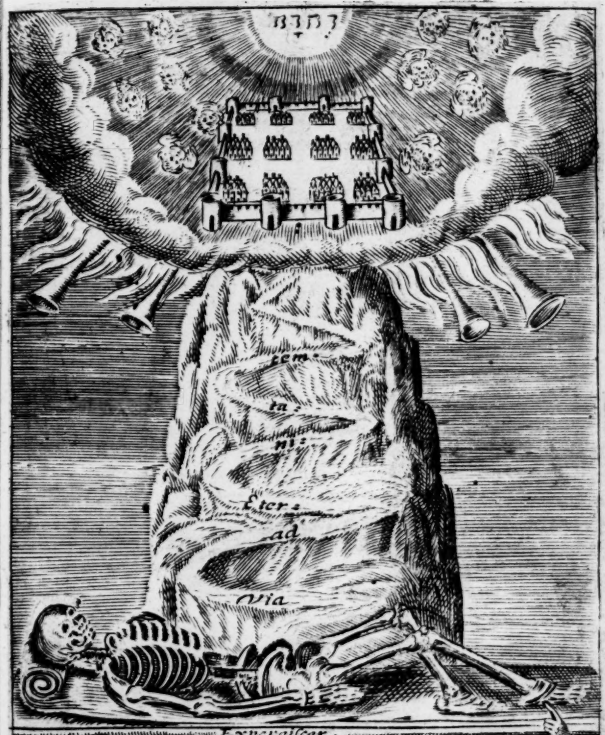

Manchester AL MONDO.

CONTEMPLATIO *Mortis*, & *Immortalitatis*.

Much inlarged.

London.
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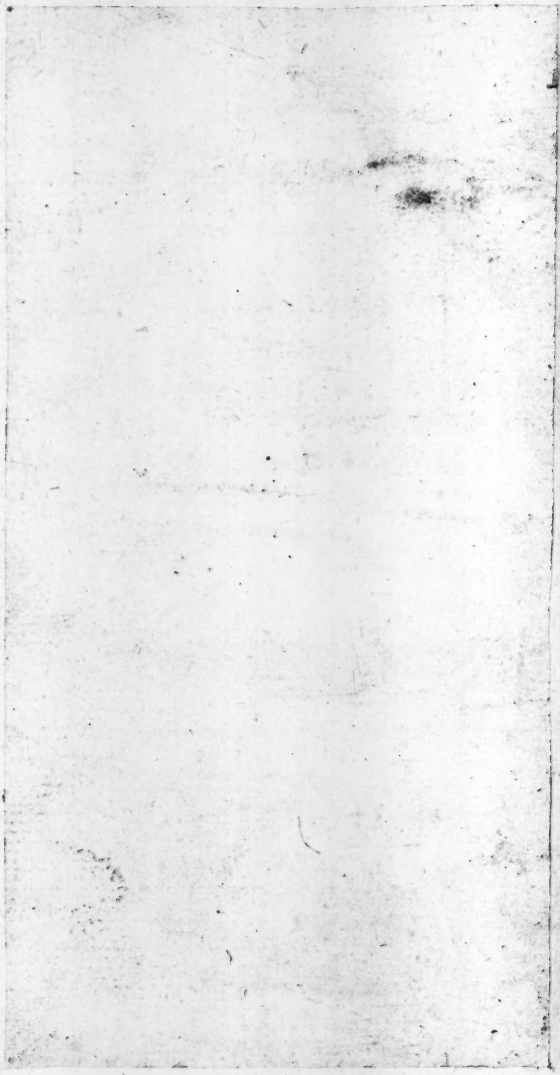

MANCHESTER AL MONDO.

Contemplatio Mortis, ET IMMORTALITATIS.

A CONTEMPLATION OF *Death* and *Immortality.*

The Seventh Impreſſion much enlarged, with the Latine Sentences rendred into *Engliſh.*

LONDON,
Printed by *Evan Tyler* for *Richard Thrale*, at the Croſſe-Keyes at *Pauls* gate next *Cheapſide.* 1658.

Contemplatio Mortis, ET IMMORTALITATIS.

A CONTEMPLATION OF *Death* and *Immortalitie.*

PHiloſophers, *Stateſmen* and *Divines* do all hold, that in this world there are but *tria genera vitæ; una eſt activa, altera contemplativa, tertia voluptuaria*; three kindes of life; one is active, the other contemplative, the third voluptuous.

Which of theſe is beſt, *Quæritur*, is the queſtion; *Actio contemplationis expers, eſt vita impolita*, action void of contemplation is an unpoliſh't or rude life: Contemplation, if it take up all a mans time, makes *vitam ſterilem*, a barren life.

Voluptuaria vita, a voluptuous life, though it be not *otiosa*, idle, becauſe it is in act, *actu*, yet it is but *desidiosa occupatio*, an idle occupation.

Amongſt theſe who ſo tries all, as I have done, ſhall finde, that action profits moſt, but Contemplation pleaſes beſt: eſpecially that which indebts a man to action. Other Contemplations have *generationem longam, fruitionem brevem*, a long generation, a ſhort enjoyment; are ſo much in thinking, as they ſeldom come to enjoying; alwayes in conceit, never in act.

When Chriſt was to ſuffer, *miſit Chriſtus Petrum ac Johannem ad parandum Paſcha. Petrus bonam actionem, Johannes devotam ſignificat Contemplationem*; he ſent *Peter* and *John* to prepare the paſſeover: by the firſt good Action may be conceived, by the other devout Contemplation.

Man was not made for Contemplation onely; his part is to do, as well as underſtand; In earthly things to be an Actor, of heavenly things

things to be a Spectator. Therefore his felicity consists neither in rest or action, but in fit mixture of both.

Some use Contemplation for a Remedy, it seeming to make their minds ascend, when their fortunes descend.

The Counsellor saith, A Statesman should be thus repartited: his will to God, his love to his Master, his heart to his Countrey, his secret to his friend, his time to businesse.

It is true, retiredness is more safe then businesse; *Periclitatur enim anima in negotiis*, for the soul is endangered by many employments: And yet the lesse you do, the more you suffer. But as he is not happy that is alwayes busie; so a publick man should not always be shut up in thoughts, pleasing his life in the sweetness of thinking. Finely saith St. *Augustine*, *Lectio sine meditatione arida est: Meditatio sine lectione erronea est: Oratio sine meditatione tepida est.* Reading without meditation is dry; meditation without

reading erroneous; and prayer alſo without meditation but cold.

True Contemplation hates idle Speculation. To be always, or never alone, is idleneſſe. But

The delight of thoughts, and vertue of Contemplation lies in the right choice of a good ſubject to contemplate: For every knowing man is ſo inquiſitive by nature, and of ſo buſie a fancie, as in this it is happy for him to fall upon that ſubject which is fitteſt for him.

Some ancient Fathers, and ſome late Writers have fixed upon the love of God; Some upon the paſſion of Chriſt; Some upon the joyes of Heaven; Some upon contempt of the world; ſeveral others upon divers other ſubjects: All opening, that ſome one is to be choſen. For whoſo will *vivere ſibi*, live to himſelf, muſt *vacare Deo*, be at leiſure for God. And a wiſe man ſaith, *Sapientia ſcribenda eſt in tempore otii; Qui minoratur actu:* Wiſdom is to be written in a time of ~~clay~~ leiſure: whoſoever is leſſen'd by work; He cannot tend it.

Ego

Ego in meo ſolito receſſu à negotiis publicis vacans, I being in my accuſtomed retiredneſſe, diſingaged from publick affaires; (which was but ſeldom,)found it fruitfull, uſefull and delightfull, *Cogitare de noviſſimo*, to beſtow my thoughts upon my latter end.

Quatuor ſunt noviſſima, there be four laſt things, ſay the Fathers; Heaven and Hell, Death and Judgement.

All ſubjects large enough.

But conſidering I had paſſed ſo much employment, ſo many offices, ſo long practice in ſeveral profeſſions (as every publick man is owing his abilities, cares and years to the ſervice of his Maſter); I now thought it time to ſeize on death before it ſeized on me.

After long meditation this I found, that when Meditation had begotten devotion, then it applied it ſelf to Contemplation, which required a ſettlement upon ſome Divine object.

And what more heavenly then

the thought of Immortality? what ſo ueceſſary as the thought of death? Herein therefore I complied with my own deſires, and made choice of Death and Immortality for the ſubject of my Contemplation.

Meditation, I ſaw, was but a reiterated thought, proper to production of good or evil; but Divines do well dedicate Contemplation to holy Myſteries onely.

We meditate to know God, we contemplate to love God; when God himſelf had ſeen the things created in ſeveral peeces, he ſaid, They were good:

But when he conſidered the univerſe, as it were in Contemplation, then he ſaid, Lo, they were exceeding good. For Meditation conſiders her objects peece by peece, but Contemplation ſummes them all together, and ſets, as in a glaſs, all the ſeverall beauties of Meditations Objects.

Meditation is with a man, as he that ſmells the Violet, the Roſe, the Jeſſamie, and the Orange flowers

ers dividually. (My Medinations of the Lord are ſweet of themſelves, ſaith *David*) but Contemplation is a water compounded of them all.

This is more elegantly denoted in the *Canticles*: where the Spouſe plaits up her haire truſſing it up in one knot, to ſhew that we ſhould not diffuſe our thoughts into variety of conſiderations, but recollect them into one by Contemplation. Herewith a mans ſoul being once affected, hardly ſhall he obtain leave of his thoughts to return again to employments.

Et ne ego multis occupatus, mihimet ipſi manerem incognitus: And leſt I buſied about many things, ſhould remain unknown to my ſelf: (for the old word is a true one) *Nil proſunt lecta nec intellecta, niſi teipſum legas & intelligas*, Neither things read, or underſtood, profit him at all, who does not both read and know himſelf.

I therefore applied my ſelf *ad meum noviſſimum*, to my laſt thing, *What man liveth ſhall not ſee death?* And if after death, *Juſtus vix ſal-*

vabitur, the righteous ſhall ſcarcely be ſaved, we may well be fearfull, and had need be carefull, that we be not taken unprepared.

Ite imparati in paratum, Go ye unprepared into the place prepared for you, will one day be a dolefull ſaying.

When I was a young man, (ſaith *Seneca*) my care was to live well, I then practiſed *Artem bene vivendi*, the art of well-living. When age came upon me, I then ſtudied *Artem bene moriendi*, the art of dying well, how to die well.

It is true, *Iter vitæ occupatis non apparet niſi in fine*, the journey of life appears not to buſie men untill the end. Yet when I was *occupatiſſimus*, *hoc me dulci oblectabam ſolatio* : *aliquando me victurum mihi*, moſt buſie of all, I delighted my ſelf with this comfort, that a time would come wherein I might live to my ſelf, hoping to have ſweet leiſure to enjoy my ſelf at laſt.

And this I am now come to, *Diſponendo*, *non mutando me*, by diſpoſing,

poſing, not by changing my ſelf.

The covenant of the grave is ſhewed to no man, ſaith the Wiſe man, but the watch-word is given to all men.

Sint lumbi præcincti, Lucernæ ardentes, Semper vigilantes: Let your loines be girt up, your lamps burning, always watching.

Lord, let me be found in this poſture, when I ſhall be to die.

In the courſes of my life I have had interchanges the world it ſelf ſtands upon viciſſitudes: *adverſis & proſperis contexuit Deus vitam meam*: God hath interwoven my life with adverſity and proſperity; When I firſt took me to a gown, I put on this thought; *fortunam ut togam appeto, non longam, ſed concinnam*, I deſire a fortune like my grown, not long, but fit; Fit for my condition: finding by others that a contented kinde of obſcurity keeps a man free from envy. Although any kinde of ſuperiority be a mark of Envie; yet not to be ſo high, as to provoke an ill eye, nor ſo low as to be trodden on, was the height of my

my ambition. But I muſt confeſſe, I have ſince had a greater portion of the worlds favour, then I looked for: *Attamen ego nunquam fortunæ credidi, etiamſi videretur pacem agere*; nevertheleſs I never gave truſt to fortune, although ſhe ſeemed to be at peace with me.

To check repining at thoſe above me, I alwayes looked at thoſe below me; nor did any preferments ſo delight me, or abuſe me as to make me neglect preparing for my dying day.

And now, I thank God, I can ſay.

Domine, paratum eſt cor meum, O Lord, my heart is ready.

This I have conſidered, That *Guttatim per horas & dies fluit vita*; life flows away by hours and days as it were by drops. And although the hour be not paſt till all the glaſſe be run.

Et nemo multum ex Stillicidio poteſt perdere; And no man can ſpill much by ſuch a diſtillation:

Yet the glaſſe then runnes moſt faintly, when it drawes neareſt to effluxion.

effluxion. Carefull *Martha* was full buſie about many things, but was well adviſed; There was onely *unum neceſſarium*, one thing neceſſary.

One thing have I deſired of the Lord, that I may dwell in his houſe for ever.

This was *Davids unum*, his one thing, and, God willing, ſhall be mine.

Phyſicians exclaim, *Vita brevis, Ars longa*, that life is ſhort, but Art is long; but Divines teach, *Ars optima eſt vivendo diſcere artem bene moriendi*, that the beſt Art is to learn by living the Art of well dying.

If this be to be begun when *præ foribus mors eſt*, death is at the door, Then the ſin-ſick ſoul will ſay, *Infœlix ego homo! quis me liberabit à corpore mortis hujus?* O wretched man that I am! who ſhall deliver me from the body of this death? But if thou haſt learned it betimes, it will then rejoyce to ſay,

Mihi vivere Chriſtus eſt, & mori lucrum; To me to live is Chriſt, and to die is gain. Wel-

Welcome death, more bleſſed then my birth.

I have ever thought the right way to die well was to live well; And the way to live well in the world, was to die betimes to the world.

Mihi Mundus Crucifixus, & ego Mundo; The world is crucified to me, and I unto the world; yet I found it? *Rem difficilem in mundo vivere, & mundi bona contemnere*, an hard matter to live in the world, and deſpiſe the worlds good things. Therefore for aſſiſtance I took to me theſe three Coadjutors, *Faith, Hope, Charity*; *Charitatem ex Corde puro, Spem ex conſcientia bona, Fidem non fictam*: love out of a pure heart, hope out of a good conſcience, and faith not feigned; And for my ſouls health often uſed this preparative.

Examen conſcientiæ meæ, The examination of my conſcience.

Nam quicunque cordi habet ſalutem ſuam, For whoſoever deſireth his own ſalvation, let him every day, *manè & veſperi*, morning and even-

evening, examine his heart *quid nocte vel die præcedente*, what either in the night or day going before. Hath he thought, hath he ſaid, hath he done; *Et in quo peccati labem invenerit*, and in whatſoever he ſhall finde the ſpot of any ſin, let him mend it; *cum propoſito efficaci, ſimili non peccare*; with an effectual purpoſe to ſin ſo no more.

This, if it be done daily, I dare boldly ſay, *Vix fieri poterit ut quis moriendo peccet, aut peccando moriatur*, it ſhall hardly be, that ſuch an one ſhall either ſin at his death, or die in ſin.

Inter, Amidſt theſe thoughts, I had theſe things in Contemplation.

1. *Firſt, what Death was, and the kindes of Death.*

2. *Secondly, what feares or joyes Death brings.*

3. *Thirdly, when Death is to be prepared for, and how.*

4. *Fourthly, Death approaching, what our laſt thoughts ſhould be.*

Of

Of theſe things I thus reſolved.

THat Death was but a fall, which came by a fall. Our firſt framed father *Adam* falling, in him we all fell. It was not the man, but mankinde. *Cecidimus omnes*, ſaith Saint *Bernard*, *ſuper acerbum lapidem in luto, unde inquinati & vulnerati ſumus*; We all fell upon a ſharp ſtone covered with dirt, by which we were both wounded and defiled; Therefore we needed water in Baptiſme to waſh us, Blood in the Euchariſt to heal us, water of Regeneration in blood of expiation. Natures perfection caught a fall when ſhe was young, as *Mephiboſheth* did, whereof ſhe hath halted ever ſince.

This falling ſickneſſe infected not only the perſon, but the nature (ſuch is the infection of evil, always worſe then the act) making man that was immortal ſubject to death. *Heu triſtis & lacrhymoſa mutatio!* Ah ſad and wofull change!

Notwithſtanding, as we now ſtand,

ſtand, the fault is ours, if that fall be not our riſe; The advantage we have by *Chriſt*, being more then the loſſe we had by *Adam*: Redemption imports emption, and a buying back of that which he had loſt. Wherefore, Man that had cauſe to ſorrow that he was man, may now be holily proud of his condition: and as he is in Chriſt, not to change the Man for the Angel.

Proud Nature would fain re-aſpire to that it was, *Ideò qui ſtat videat ne cadat*, therefore let him that ſtandeth take heed leſt he fall, For relapſe may turn us again to be as birds and beaſts, who have no joy but being, no ſorrow but dying. Mans better being is by dying; for when man had made himſelf miſerable by ſinning, Mercy made us mortal, *Ne in æternum eſſemus miſeri*; leſt we ſhould be miſerable for ever. Therefore we have reaſon to account mercy, as it relieves miſery, to be the beſt vertue, though it work upon the worſt object.

Miſericordia vicina eſt miſeriæ, Mercy dwells nigh to miſery.

There

There is mercy with thee, O Lord, that thou mayeſt be feared, ſaith the Prophet *David.*

What Death is.

TO die is to be no more unhappy. If we conſider death aright *It is but a departed breath from dead earth, enlivened at firſt by breath caſt upon it. Mors tinea eſt,* Death is a moth, ſaith *Job*, *ex veſte oritur Tinea, ex corpore mors,* the moth breeds out of the garment, death out of the body.

It is but a point of time interjected between two extremes. A parentheſis, which interpoſed breaks no ſenſe, when the words meet again. When *Seneca* was asked, *Quid eſt mors?* what is death he anſwered, *Aut finis eſt, aut tranſitus,* 'tis either the end, or the paſſage; To die or to ſin is not power, but impotency. The Emperour *Adrian* was told, *Mors eſt æternus ſomnus, divitum pavor, pauperum deſiderium*; Death is an eternal ſleep, the

the fear of rich men, the desire of poor men. *Plato* said it was *lex naturæ, tributum mortalium*, Natures law, Mortalites tribute. One termes it to be but the cessation of the souls functions. O, saith St. *Augustine, that I could see death*, not as it was, but as thou, Lord, hast now made it! As it hath the dominion of sin, it is the greatest Monarch, and the ancientest King of the world, *Death hath reigned from Adam to Moses*, saith Saint *Paul*, yet at last this King shall be conquered; *The last enemy to be destroyed is Death, O Death, I will be thy death*, saith Christ.

The nature of death.

WHat is the nature of it, few know, though all shall feel it. But that must needs be nothing that hath no cause efficient, but deficient; *Post mortem nihil est, ipsaque mors nihil*, There is nothing after death, and death it self is nothing too. It hath no essence, it is no

no ſubſtance, but privation; no creatures but *creaturarum ſepultura*, the burial of the creatures, Therefore curiouſly to ſearch the efficient of it, were to labour the eye to ſee darkneſſe, *God made it not*, ſaith the book of *Wiſdom*, *nor is it mentioned as any of his works*. God that made all things, ſaw that all things which he had made were good; *Omne ens bonum, & omne bonum eſt ens*; every thing that hath being is good, and ſo every good thing hath a being. Therefore good Saint *Auguſtine* ſaid finely, *Lord, thou haſt not made death; wherefore I beſeech thee ſuffer not that which thou haſt not made, to reign over that which thou haſt made.* Yet it is no errour to ſay, that man made death, for curioſity (the itch of mans ſoul) affecting to know that which God never made (which was the evil of death) thinking it had been good to know evil by deſiring to know it, made it: *Malum non dignoſcitur niſi per bonum*, Evil is not known but by good.

He that knew all other things knew

knew not this one thing, That he knew enough. But ſo divine a thing is knowledge, (which is not given to keep, but to impart) that we ſee Innocency it ſelfe was ambitious of it.

Life did not content (that was thought but the act of knowledge) knowledge was the life the ſoul looked at. And that as yet begets a ſtudious ſcrutiny to diſcover things we can never know. By which we ſee, that although Nature her ſelf be moderate in her deſires, yet conceit is unſatiable, mans brain will never leave working, till his pulſe ceaſes beating; nevertheleſſe no man knows ſo much, but it is through ignorance that he doth ſo ill, *nam nemo ſciens malus*; for no man that underſtands can be evil: and, as one ſaith well, there is now no fear of knowing too much. But there is much fear of practiſing too little. Man is the ſon of deſires; but ſince God hath revealed more then we can know, enough to make us happy, let us learn ſober knowledge, and contented ignorance. Knowledge

ledge and Power are the naturall mans God; but know thy ſelf, O man, and then be proud if thou canſt.

The Authour of Death.

WHo then was the Authour of death? *Sol in cælo, Sal in terra*; the Sun in Heaven, Salt in the earth; the two great Regents, one in Heaven, the other on earth; yet neither of theſe produced it: who ever was the father of it, Sin was the mother; for ſaith Saint *James*, *Sinne being finiſhed, travelleth in childe-birth* like a mother, to *bring forth death*; Our grand-mother *Evah*, ſo named as mother of the living, yet was brought to bed of Death. *Adam* falling, ſinne follows him. Man being tempted, Death attempts him, and by ſin Death enters. Every father is an *Adam* to his childe, conveighing corruption in his generation.

Good Saint *Auguſtine* puts the Devil this queſtion; *Satan quare invidiſti*

invidiſti homini ſtanti, te cadente? O Satan, why being fallen thy ſelf, didſt thou envy man that he ſhould ſtand? Death had no intereſt in man till ſin had diſpoſſeſſed him of the free-hold he had in God. *There was no truſt in Gods ſervants*, ſaith *Eliphaz*, but even Angels were charged with folly.

Therefore do the Devil right: he did but perſwade, not compell: it was in mans choice to ſtand or fall.

Adam acceperat poſſe quod vellet, non velle quod poſſet; Nos accepimus & poſſe quod volumus, & velle quod poſſumus. Ille poſſe non mori, nos non poſſe non mori. Sic Auguſtinus. *Adam* had received a power to do what he would, but not a will to do what he might; we have received both power to do what we will, and to will what we are able. He a power not to die, we a power not but to die. So St. *Auguſtine.*

Power of ſtanding man had from God, but poſſibility of falling from himſelf. Therefore, though we may thank our firſt Parents for our birth

birth ſin; yet we may thank our ſelves for improving it. Wherefore the old *Letanie* ſaid well, *A me ſalve me, Domine,* O Lord, ſave me from my ſelf.

All mans vertues were given him but in truſt, and under a condition; he abuſed the truſt, & brake the condition, ſo incurred the penalty. Such is mans nature, ever ſubject to extremity, either dull in want, or wanton in fruition *Ne moriemini*, leſt ye die, was a fair warning, but he cared not for it. With men counſels are like faces; that which is faire, pleaſes. But had the minde governed the eye, the Apple could not have beguiled, though it was fair to look to. The proud aſpiring thought was hatcht in man. The devil was the promoter, ſin was the author, & we being partners in the ſin, ſhared in the puniſhment, *Facinus quos inquinat, æquat*; ſin equals all whom it polluteth

Sith then death by ſin ſtole in at the window; (for the eye, that ſenſe of love, alwayes recoiles upon the heart, when it beholds that which

is

is pleasing) or rather at the eare, which is apt to listen to ill counsel,

Let us cast out sin by the eares, the sense of faith, in hearkening to Gods Word, the Word of life, the life of Death.

The name of Death.

FOr the name of Death, Saint *John* calls it a sleep, *Amicus noster Lazarus dormit*, Our friend *Lazarus* sleepeth. Of Saint *Stephen* it was said, *When he had thus spoken he slept.* The *Patriarchs* and Kings of *Judah* are said to *sleep with their fathers.* *Man*, saith *Job*, *lieth down and riseth not.* He shall not be awaked out of his sleep, till the Heavens be no more; *Transitum ad vitam aliqui appellant mortem*, some call the passages to life death, saith St. *Bernard*, *Sed ideò Scriptura dormientes appellat, ut evigilaturos minimè desperemus*, but therefore does Scripture call them men asleep, that they may not despair to awake: *He is not dead*, saith *David*,

but ſleepeth, whoſe fleſh doth reſt in hope.

Death is but a dormitory for a day. Saint *Pauls* myſtery is, *We ſhall not all ſleep, but we ſhall all be changed.* The night ſavours of mortality and ſleep, that *Mors brevis* ſhort death, is but the ſhadow of death; and where the ſhadow is, the body cannot be farr off; *Umbra fugit ſequentem, ſequitur fugientem. Aquiritur terra procumbentibus*: the ſhadow flies him that follows it, follows him that flies it. The earth is obtained by them that fall down upon it.

Well ſaid Saint *Auguſtine. In vita vigilant juſti, ideò in morte dicuntur dormire.* The righteous watch in life, therefore they are ſaid to ſleep in death.

When God made a helper unto man, he ſent a ſleep upon him. *Somnium ægrotantium, ut novimus ſalutis eſt indicium*: The ſleep of the ſick, we know, is a ſigne of health. It is Chriſts ſaying, If he ſleep, he ſhall do well.

But let it be *Mors à morſu*, death from

from devouring, which our first Parents tasted, or *Mors à mora*, death from delay, which yet tarries for us all; Let her be stiled Lady, Mistresse of the world, that will not be courted, nor yet cast off. Yet is she but *vox tantùm*, a voice onely a thing next to nothing, *solo timenda sono*, to be feared only for the sound

Better it is called a transfiguration, or transmigration from life, by death, to life again; *Exitus non transitus: transitus quem ire non intelleximus, transisse sentimus*: a departure, not a passage: or a passage which we feel gone, but not going.

The grave is but a withdrawing-room, to retire in for a while, a going to bed to take rest sweeter then sleep. And when it is time to rise. *Cum expergiscar*, when I awake, *Then shall I be satisfied*, saith the Prophet *David*.

Death common to all.

IN the mean time it is common to all. *Mors etiam saxis nomini-*

buſque venit, death ſeizeth upon even ſtones themſelves and names All men muſt pay this debt to Nature, though they cannot pay their creditours; and it is a favour afforded by nature. *Quod graviſſimum fecit, fecit commune; ut crudelitatem fati conſolaretur æqualitas*, that what ſhe hath made moſt grievous; ſhe hath made common; that the equality of fate might comfort the cruelty of it. *Who lives, and ſhall not ſee death?* onely vertue ſtands exempt from death.

The fathers have eaten Manna, and are dead, Nay, even *Chriſt* himſelf, *being found in faſhion as a man, humbled himſelf, and became obedient to death*; It is as natural to die, as to be born; yet when we ſay a man dies naturally, we ſpeak improperly; for a man dies not as a beaſt, *per annihilationem Naturæ, ſed per ſtatutum*, by an annihilation of nature, but by a law: not by chance, courſe of nature, nor influence of ſtars but then and therefore becauſe it is ſo appointed, *Statutum eſt omnibus ſemel mori*: It is appointed

for

for all once to die. Diſeaſe and Death know no faces; in the grave all look alike; *Lazarus* ſores will make as good duſt as *Jezabels* paint. It is the municipal law of the earth to die once; of Heaven, to live ever; of hell, to die for ever. *Orimur, morimur*, we are born, we die. Like *Jonas* Gourd, we come in a night, and are gone in a night; we come into the world with a ſheet about us, no ſooner born, but going to be buried. *Seneca* ſays truely, We are born crying, we live laughing, and die ſighing.

For all this man is even with Death, *Nunquam enim magnis ingeniis chara in corpore mora eſt*: To ſtay in the body is never deſired by any great wits; The good ſoul *ægrè fert has anguſtias*, endures theſe ſtraits with trouble. Therefore what great thing doth death in haſtening days? This ſhews infirmity, rather then power. Age doth more, *Nil enim non longa domolitur vetuſtas*, for there is nothing which length of time does not demoliſh; Death only ſhortens time, not life,

for lifes time ſhortens by lengthening: *Morimur, quod mortibus vivimus: morieris, non quia ægrotas, ſed quia vivis*; we die becauſe we live by dying: and thou ſhalt die, not becauſe thou art ſick, but becauſe thou liveſt.

But this all men are to know.

That *Mortis meritum eſt peccati debitum*, the merit of death is the debt of ſin, both impoſed on man for ſin.

Life but a dying death.

SIth then it is a ſtatute made in Heaven, *Omnibus ſemel mori*, for all once to die, and that life is ſo momentany, death ſo certain, *Splendemus licèt, Heu quàm cito frangimur, corpore vitrea!* ſhine we never ſo bright, yet alas, glaſſy bodies, how quickly are we broken! Man, ſaith the Prophet *Jeremy*, fades like a leafe, and ſin like a winde takes him away. Be the time of mans reprieve never ſo long, die he muſt. And ſince life it ſelf is no true living

ving, but a dying being, and such a being, as every day pants for breath, which nature fans upon it for a while; And since death is no death, but a going unto Heaven, and Heavens coming unto us, *abitus non obitus*, a departure, not a death: How can a man but think it a well-spent life, alwayes to be meditating upon Death.

But, saith *Xenophon*, *Cur vitam contemendam putas, & habes?* Why doest thou think life is to be contemned, and yet lovest life? I will not enquire nor require more of Death but Death. *Errans enim qui interrogas, Quid sit mors, & propter quod mortem petam? Quæris enim aliquid supra summum*, Thou art deceived that askest, what is Death, and why am I to desire Death? for thou seekest something beyond the furthest.

This I am sure of, All mans happinesse here is his holinesse, and his holinesse shall hereafter be his happinesse.

Life after Death.

BUt if a man die, ſhall he live again? Yes, ſaith St. *Paul*, *We that are in this Tabernacle, ſigh and are burthened, becauſe we would not be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be ſwallowed up of life.*

——*Phœnix ſponte crematur,*
Vt redeat, proprióque ſolet pubeſcere letho.
Sic tu corpus coactus.
Diſce re mutata melior procede figura.

——The Phœnix freely burns,
And by her owu death to new youth returnes.
So do thou learn unforced to reſign
Thy body, whoſe chang'd ſhape ſhall brighter ſhine

The brigheſt dayes die into dark nights, but riſe again a mornings: Though the body ſleep a while in duſt, yet ſhall it riſe again after thy likeneſſe. *As for me*, ſaith *David*, *I will behold thy face in righteouſneſſe;*

teouſneſſe; and I ſhall be ſatisfied when I awake with thy likeneſſe. And thus ſaith holy *Job*, *Though my fleſh be all conſumed to bones, yet thy Spirit blowing on dead bones can revive them, and couple them again with ſinewes, and cloath them with fleſh.* The ſoul which *departed for a ſeaſon*, ſhall as St. *Paul* ſaid of *Oneſimus*, come again, and be received for ever. The grain caſt into the earth, after a froſt-biting, comes up the fairer. That body which *was ſowen a natural body, ſhall riſe a ſpiritual. Sowe in tears, reap in joy. Who ſo goeth forth weeping, carrying precious ſeed, ſhall return with joy, and bring their ſheaves with them.*

Thus we ſee God will be in no mans debt: Seek God, and proſper.

Yet for all this, *Caro iſta pulveri erit.* This clod of earth muſt lie a while in duſt, *Sed reſurget tandem*, but it ſhall riſe again at laſt, as a *Queens daughter, all glorious within.* For if in this life holineſſe maketh the face of a man to ſhine, by an irradition from the heart; what

ſhall be the beauty of the body glorified? ſurely though it be not deified, yet ſhall it be purified, or perfected and immortalized. *Our vile bodies ſhall be changed, and faſhioned like his glorious body. Such glory have all his Saints.*

If then the change be ſuch, who would not be willing, yea, glad to die? *All the dayes of mine appointed time,* ſaith *Job, I will watch till my changing ſhall come.*

Nil minus eſt hominis occupati, quàm vivere; Quos autem felicitas gravat, exclamant illi, Mihi vivere non licet. A man of great buſineſſe does nothing leſſe then life, but thoſe whom happineſſe afflicts, cry out, they are not afforded time for life. It is a good minde in a man, to be content to die, and willing to live: But to be willing to die, and content to live, is the minde of a ſtrong Chriſtian.

Diligimus mortem pariter, paritérque timemus:
Ipſe metus te noſter amat.
At once we love, and yet we fear to die.

Our

Our very fear loves thee, great destiny!

Death desirable for three respects.

CHristus *non ignarus vel quàm misera esset hæc vita, vel quam optabilis preciosa mors, vitam fastidiebat, mortem verò exoptabat*: Christ Jesus, who was neither ignorant of the miseries of life nor how desirable and precious death is, did loath life, but greatly desired to die. When the Senatour *Cato* was asked a question concerning death, *Si Deus (inquit ille) mihi largiatur, ut repuerescam valdè recuso: nec tum me vixisse pœnitet, quia bene vixi; nec timeo mori quia ex hospitio, non domo, discedam*: should God, said he, grant me such a boon as to become young again, I should seriously refuse it; neither yet doth it trouble me to have lived, because I have lived well; nor do I fear to die, being to leave not my house by it, but my Inne.

Could we as innocently wish our own death, as the Saints do the

the day of Judgement, we might ſafely deſire it (for who can blame the deſire of advantage?) But ill circumſtances vitiate our deſires; collaterall reſpects to our own eaſe, as to be rid of troubles, freed of griefes, diſcontentments, and the like, theſe commonly beget ſuch a wiſh in us. *Elias* himſelf was ſo impatient of diſcontents, as he ſate him down under a Juniper-tree, deſiring that he might die, ſaying *It is enough now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am no better then my Fathers.*

It is the ſaying of the Preacher, *Death is not to be ſought in the errour of youth, yet for ſome reſpects it may be deſired.*

Portus eſt aliquando petendus, nunquam recuſandus: The Haven muſt be ſought for ſometimes, and ſo no time to be deſpiſed.

1. As firſt, that ſo we may betimes leave off to ſin; Since ſin lives in us, and leaves us not till death; *Dixit Socrates, Appropinquante morte, multo es divinior*: It was the ſaying of *Socrates*, when death

death approacheth thou groweſt more divine; *If the ſouls under the Altar cry, Uſque quo, Domine?* How long. O Lord? If they ſolicit for the day of Judgement, why not I ſee my day of Death, ſince Deaths day is but the Eve of Gods day? *Zenon* ſaid, I have no fear but of old age.

2. Secondly, the ſoul that ſoon departs, *facilius ad ſuperos iter facit, quia minus fæcis ponderiſque traxit*, diſpatcheth her journey to Heaven with more eaſe, becauſe ſhe hath contracted leſſe dregs and preſſure. And whats the diſtance 'twixt life and death? So little, as with the Ancients, the Embleme of life was *Oculus apertus: Mortis, clauſus, non extinctus: nec plus intereſſe putaverunt inter mortem & vitam, quàm ictum oculi*, an open eye of death, a ſhut one, but not extinct: nor did they imagine any more difference betwixt death and life, then a poor twinkling of the eye is to ſight. Man is only a wink of life, his life and death joyned as near as joy and grief; where tears the

the limbeck of the heart) expreſſe both.

3. Thirdly, that ſo we might the ſooner come to live indeed , be *in Patria*, in our country, where now we are but *in via*, in the way to it. Preſent life is not *vita , ſed via ad vitam*, not life, but the way to life. For which cauſe ſaith St. *Bernard*, *Præcipitat quiſque vitam ſuam, futuri deſiderio laborat , præſentium tædio:* Every man throws his life headlong from him, labouring with a deſire after the future, and weary of the preſent. For when we ceaſe to be men , we begin to be as Angels.

Yet it is a wonder to ſee how we love the preſent , and leſſe eſteem the future.

Men do commonly ſay, There is *Nullum tempus præter nunc*, no time but the now , the preſent ; let that be true in time, yet it holds not in Divinity ; for man muſt chiefly minde his ſoul. The preſent is not that which contents the ſoul ; *Nimis anguſtat gaudio , qui præſentibus acquieſcit* : He too narrowly pinch-eth his own joyes, that reſteth ſatis-

fied

fied with what is preſent. They are onely creatures of inferiour nature, that are pleaſed with the preſent. Man is a future creature, the eye of his ſoul looks beyond this life, *Scrutatur quid ultra mundum. Futura & præterita illum delectant; Hæc expectatione, Illa recordatione:* He pries after ſomething beyond the world: future and paſt things both delight him; the former by their expectation, the other by remembrance.

Who ſo feels not a deſire in his ſoul of ſomething beyond this life, is not ſetled in the point of immortality of the ſoul: for in every ſupernatural man there is imprinted an undeterminable deſire of more then preſent life can yield: Therefore we do not determine our contentment in things preſent, but expect future things more, and greater then here we are capable of, *Speranti grandia mediocria ſunt ingrata*, to one that hopes after great things, mean ones are unpleaſant. All things tend to their centre, the ſtones toſſed from the earth borrow

row wings to their weighty nature to descend beneath where they have their look : rivers are touched with amorous curiosity to re-visit their mother the Sea: the pyramidal *Flames* of fire witness they burn but with desire onely of joyning themselves with their first beginning.

Heaven is our Centre, why should not we be ravished to be there to joyn as atomes to their unity, and as rays to the body of their light? To shew us the way from aloft, those torches of the night gallantly shew us their twinkling baits, they shine not to us, but to shew us the way of their Azure vaults, as being the onely place of our repose.

The souls excellency.

BUt what is this soul that so delights in futures? Though it be shapelesse and immaterial, yet it would make a man heavenly proud to contemplate of how divine a nature, quality and essence it is: *Deificatur anima*, the soul is deified;

If

If ſhe be conſidered in her eſſentiality: *Secundum formam eſt Deus, ſecundum materiam eſt anima*, ſaith Saint *Bernard*, In her form ſhe is a divine power, in her matter a ſoul. Heramative vertues unite her to God, all vertues elſe to her. Therefore ſaith St. *Ambroſe*, *Quàm pulchra es, O anima, peccata deſtruendo! Pulchrior mundum contemplando! Pulcherrima Deo amoroſe adhærendo!* How beautifull art thou made, O my ſoul, by having ſin aboliſht in thee! how more beautiful by contemplating this fair and glorious fabrick of the world! but moſt beautiful by adhering through love unto God!

She partakes of the good which is in God, which the body doth not, but by participation with the ſoul.

Faciamus hominem ad ſimilitudinem noſtram, Let us make man after our own likeneſſe.

The body, though it have the honour to be companion with the ſoul, yet it is but her drudge; Chriſtians ſay of the ſoul, that's the man:

man: the body is but the caſe: Heathens could ſay, The ſoul was *divinæ particula auræ*, a part of divine breth Some will have it, *a ſpirit mixt of fire & air*; Others, *a ſelf-moving number*; *Sen.* ſaith, *Quid aliud eſt anima quàm Deus in corpore humano hoſpitans?* What is the ſoul elſe but a Deity ſojourning in mans body. Never any could give it ſuch a definiton, tha either another or himſelfe could conceive it. And no wonder, for it ſelf cannot conceive the own ſelf-excellency, becauſe it ſuffered a compoſure before it ſelf was. *Triſmegiſtus* ſaith, The ſoul is the Horizon of time, in that it is immortall. It was the life of breath that gave it the breath of life: Therefore admiration rather then ſearch, becomes a man in ſuch a ſecret: yet ſo good is God to man, that wherein we cannot reach him, he commonly deſcends to us. *Tully* ſaid, *Mihi quidem nunquam perſuaderi potuit, animos, dum in corporibus eſſent mortalibus, vivere; cum exiſſent ex iis, emori*: No man could ever perſwade me, that our ſouls, whileſt they

they are in these mortal bodies should live, and when they go forth thence, should die. Saint *Bernard* saith better, *Anima non exuit formam nativam, sed superinduit peregrinam; illa addita est, non perdita:* the soul doth not put off her native beauty, but puts on a new one; this is added, but that is not lost. And yet this spiritual essence of the soul was therefore clogged with an earthly body, that it should not grow proud, as those Angels did that fell.

Let me ever worship the great God of this little god my soul, *Et ne plus ultra*, and then search no further. For this is an inquisition, fitter for Angelical intelligence, then mans shallow capacity.

Onely this I know, that to no creature else God hath given a reasonable soul. Of creatures, the lowest rank have no life, the next no sence, the third no reason; none but man hath grace; nor is there hope in any creature else but man, which hope is given him for the sustentation of his soul; *Anima enim non*

non eſt inſtar Camæleontis, ut paſcatur vento, for the ſoul is not like a Camelion, to be fed with wind it cannot be fed with fancies, nor all the favours of the world. She is *ita generoſa*, ſo generous as nothing but that *ſummum bonum*, chief good, will ſatisfie her. St. *Auſtin* in a comparative betwixt things temporall and eternal, ſaith thus, We love things temporal before we have them, more then when we have them, becauſe the ſoul when ſhe hath them, cannot be ſatisfied with them: but things eternal when they are actually poſſeſſed, are more loved then when but deſired; for neither faith could believe, nor hope expect ſo much as charity ſhall finde when eternity comes in poſſeſſion. There is no ſoul in the world, how happy ſoever it thinks it ſelf here, but points its apprehenſions beyond what he poſſeſſes here.

He that contemplates theſe things will bear him ſelf too loftily, and think himſelf too good to look ſo low as to theſe ſublunary things, he will deſpiſe *vilia terræ*, baſe things

things of earth, as *ludibria mundi*, the laughing-ſtocks of the world.

Anguſtus eſt animus quem terrena delectant, that ſoul is too narrow that is pleaſed with things earthly; Man onely admires *magnalia cœli*, the great things of Heaven.

How then can this beauty be pleaſed to inhabit long *contubernio iſto*, in this pitifull lodging? *Bring my ſoul out of priſon*, ſaith *David*, *that I might praiſe thee.*

Non ſum ubi nunc ſum, I am not where I am now, ſaith the ſoul.

As for the body, all it cares, is but ſepulture: for although the carcaſe be inſenſible of any poſture or poſition, yet honeſt ſepulture is a bleſſing. That body which had the honour to be the Temple of ſuch a gueſt as the Holy Ghoſt, deſerves this favour.

But becauſe many times the houſes of the dead, and the urned bones do meet with foul hands, for this alſo Nature hath provided, *Ut diſertè ait Mœcenas, Nec tumulum quæro.*

Sepelit natura relictas.

As *Mœcenas* ſpeaks well.

——I ſeek

——I ſeek no Tombe,
Nature will give our bones a burying room.

It is one of the petitions of every good ſoul.

Adveniat Regnum tuum, Thy Kingdom come; O Lord yet ſaith St. *Auguſtine*, *Hoc nitimur & reluctamur, Quis non gemens, quis non recuſans exit? Quis cum acceſſerit, non tergiverſatur, timet, plorat?* This is that we both ſtrive for, and yet reſiſt: who does not go out groaning and grumbling for all this? who is it, that when death comes on, does not ſhrink back, and fear, and weep?

Mans Croſſe nature.

IN all things elſe obſerve how contrarily we carry our ſelves, The labourer from his work haſtens to his bed, The Marriner rowes hard to gain the Port; The Traveller is glad when he is within kenning of his Inne; yet we, when death comes to put us into our Port

Port, ſhun it as a rock, we fear what we ſhould wiſh, and wiſh that we ſhould fear.

O fortunatiorem Marcellum, eo tempore quo exilium ſuum Bruto approbavit, quàm quo Populo Romano Conſulatum. O *Marcellus*! more fortunate then when thy exile was approved by *Brutus*, then thy Conſulſhip by the people of *Rome*.

Mans better choice.

HEar, O Chriſtian, what the *Pagan* ſaith.

Quid ni non timeat qui mori ſperat? why hath not he cauſe to fear, that yet hopes to die?

It is harder to make a true Philoſopher patient of life, then of death.

Hic ſpe mortis patienter dolet,
Et tædio doloris libenter moritur:
Hunc fert, illam expectat.
Sed expecta, mors tardè venit.

This man in hope of death mourns quietly.
And tir'd with grief as willingly would die.

Ex-

Expecting death, he ſinks not under woe;
For wait a little, death comes ſure, though ſlow.

Therefore ſaid Saint *Paul, I am in a ſtrait betwixt two, whether to live in the fleſh were profitable for me, and which to chuſe I wot not.* Yet at laſt reſolved, *Live or die, Chriſt* was to him *advantage*: Therefore *to be looſed and to be with Chriſt*, was beſt of all.

Till then, God grant
That I may have *vitam in patientia, mortem vero in deſiderio*, life as the object of my patience, but death of my deſire.

So ſhall I fulfil my courſe with joy: Life not dear, nor Death grievous.

Life and Death compared.

IN elder times, both wiſe men, great men, and vain men, had death in ſuch eſtimation, and ſo undervalued life, as they fondly ſaid, Had man been worthy to know what life

life was, before he received it, he would have been loath to accept it; *Nemo vitam acciperet, si daretur scientibus*, no man would take life did he know what is given him. Life would have kept us in slavery, but that death freed us. The heathen gods held death to be mans *summum bonum*, chief good; Therefore *Trophonius*, when he had built and dedicated that goodly Temple at *Delphos*, asked of *Apollo* for his recompence, that thing which was best for man; the Oracle bade him go home, and within three days he should have it, within which time he died. They counted death but the retreat of life, *Optimum naturæ inventum*, the best discovery of nature. For by it every man might make himself happy, no man be longer miserable then he will; *Placetne vita? vive: non placet? licet eò reverti unde veniſti*; does life please thee? live still; does it not please? thou mayest return thither, whence thou camest. They thought no state miserable, but that which death could not remedy: wherefore, say

they, a wiſe man lives but ſo long as he ſhould, not ſo long as he can.

If death were not in our power, we ſhould deſire it more then now we fear it. *Phocion* in *Athens* being condemned to die, the Executioner refuſed to do his office, unleſſe he had twelve *Drachmes* paid him in hand; *Phecion ne mora fieret morti*, leſt death ſhould be put to attendance, borrowed it of a friend, and gave it him.

Quemadmodum Athenis, inquit, ne mori gratis licet, Magiſtro rerum Ratio, even as at *Athens* (ſaid he) that men might not die cheaply, reaſon the Miſtriſſe of all things, taught them, that common ſafety lay in death; *Et invitum qui ſervat, idem facit occidenti*; and he that ſaves a man againſt his will, does no leſſe then he that kills him. Life was ſubject to many fortunes; *Sed in eo qui ſcit mori, nil poſſe fortunam*, but fortune cannot harm him that knows how to die. This made them cheriſh theſe deſperate conceits, *Nil referre faciatne finem an recipiat*, that it made no matter whether

whether a man cauſed his own end, or received it, thinking it bravery to uſe miſchief for a remedy. Though life be not, yet death is at a mans command; *Mors nihil aliud eſt quam velle*, death is no more but to be willing; in which reſpect no man could complain of life, *Quia neminem tenet*, becauſe it bindes no man. If any man did complain, this was their wiſh:

Mors utinam pavidos vitæ ſubducere nollet,
Sed virtus hanc ſola daret.
Oh! that death would not life from cowards take,
But that the prize of valour onely make.

In ſcorn ſome ſaid, *Egone expectem, vel morbi crudelitatem, vel hominis, cum poſſem medio exire tormento, & adverſa diſcutere?* What ſhall I wait, for either the cruelty of a diſeaſe or of a man? when as I can in the height of my torment go off at my pleaſure, and throw off all adverſity. But their braveſt conceit was worſe, that it was *genus mortis generoſum*, a generous kind

of death, for a man to be authour of his own death. If it be permitted to desire death, why is it ill to give it to themselves? *Sed furor est, ne moriare, mori.* But this is madnesse certainly, that thou mayest not die, to die.

To maintain by reason, as well as courage, this was their assertion, Death was natural therefore welcome any way, *Vivere noluit, qui mori non vult:* He could have no mind to live, that hath none to die: He is sorry that he was a man, that is not glad to die. It is inevitable, therefore we must be resolute; *Feras, non culpes, quod vitari non potest;* Bear well, not blame what cannot be avoided. Fools flie it, old men attend it, wise men wish it. Nay, some prided themselves in this way, that for care, fear or grief they would not die; *Non inferam mihi manus propter dolorem*, I will not lay hands upon my self for any grief, nor yet for fear: *Stultum est timore mortis mori*; 'tis a foolish thing to die for fear of death; nor yet through threats of torments

Sic

Sic mori vinci eſt. Sed ſi cœperat ſuſpecta eſſe fortuna, ſi multa occurrebant moleſta, tranquillitatem turbantia: to die ſo is to be vaniquiſh't: but if ſo be their fortune began to grow doubtfull, and many troubles appeared, diſturbing their peace, then it was fortitude to diſpatch them; how, or with what, it mattered not.

Scalpello aperitur ad illam magnam libertatem via, & puncto ſecuritas conſtat, ſaid *Seneca*, A way was ſoon opened to a great liberty with a little penknife, and by one prick thereof full ſafety ſecured, when he bled to death.

Cato will die, becauſe the Common-wealth declined, *Nerva*, becauſe the Laws were not kept; *Sicvianus*, becauſe he would not live at the mercy of his enemy: *Lucretia*, to cover a diſhonour; Thus may folly do that which Nature cannot defend.

But where are *theſe Diſputers of the world*, ſaith Saint *Paul*? Others thought death was to be expected till Nature called for it, or Juſtice

took it. For defence of a mans Countrey, Laws, or Religion, men might *ponere animas suas*, lay down their lives; but not for ostentation, or in discontentment.

Bona res est mori sua morte, 'Tis good to die a mans own natural death.

Yet some will die for wantonness, if they want their wills.

Life was given to manage to the utmost. Having but the use of our lives, we are bound to husband them to the best advantage.

Every one is here set Centinel, and not to leave the place till his Captain call him off.

Non est optima quæ placet, sed quæ decet, that is not the best death which pleaseth, but which becomes me.

That death was best, which was well recollected, quietly suffering what it could not possibly prevent.

Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest, that man does valiantly, that can be contentedly unhappy.

It is not enough to die with a Roman courage, nor to be as resolute

ſolute as *Cato*, who told *Cæſar*, he feared his pardon more then the pain he threatned; nor yet that the cauſe of death be juſt; but it muſt be alſo neceſſary, unſought, inevitable.

But let go this diſcourſe, my Contemplation lies another way.

Onely this let me ſay, Divines need not be aſhamed to wear the Jewels and the ear-rings of Egyptians; they are in many things ſo full of luſtre, and ſo excellent.

Man in this world lives by appointment, and God for his own purpoſes makes life ſweet, and death terrible. Many there are that fear not ſo much to be dead, as to die. *Aſſiduò variatur homo per adverſa & proſpera, & neſcit quando moriatur*, a man is continually changing betwixt good and evil, and knowes not when he ſhall die.

To labour not to die, is labour in vain. To live without fear of death, is to die living. *Secura vita eſt mare mortuum*, a ſecure life is a dead ſea. *Mordecai* ſaid to *Heſter*,

Canſt thou be ſo vainly timorous as to die for fear of death?

This let a wiſe man do; *Quod neceſſe eſt, ne timeat*; *Quod incertum eſt, ſemper expectet*; let him not fear what muſt needs be, and let him expect ever what but may be. But he neither fears nor feels death, that hath his hopes in heaven.

Zenon was wont to ſay, there was no Happineſſe but Life, it introducing eternity; no unhappineſſe but living long, it prolonging miſery: for the beſt condition of it was but a variety of vanity; wherefore, as life was welcome, ſo age was to him fearfull; the moſt afflicted men draw comfort; from the hopes of death; Therefore

Seek not conſolation againſt death, but let death be thy conſolation. Comforter is his Name: In death there is comfort againſt death. *Mortem optare malum, timere pejus:* 'Tis evil to pray for death, but 'tis worſe to fear it. But to make death eaſie, look thorow death at glory, think not ſo much of death, as of the glory that follows, it; at

the

the worſt, *Mors non aufert vitam, ſed in melius transfert*; death doth not take away life, but removes it for the better: life gives way to death, and makes way for it. If it be ſharp for the time, *Puer es, ſi mavis manere inſanus, quàm medicinam ſuſtinere amaram*; Thou art but a child, if thou hadſt rather continue ſick, than take an unpleaſant phyſick. A man will eaſily ſwallow a bitter pill to gain health. The Phyſician helpes us not without pain, and yet we reward him for it. *Job* ſaith of *death*, *From ſix troubles it delivereth, & in ſeptima*, and in the ſeventh, that is, at point of death, *non tanget te malum*; no evil ſhall touch thee: *Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning*. Fit your ſelf for it, and you will never fear it; do by it as you do in other things; when you would go to ſleep, you put off your cloaths, you draw the Curtains, put out the Candle, and go to bed: Thus as it were acting ſleep, before you go to ſleep: ſo addreſſe your ſelf to death, and then as a Father ſaith,

Erit ſomnus dilectis initium refrigerii,
Scala montis, Janua vitæ, Ingreſſus in Tabernaculum.

Death begins reſt to them whom
God doth love,
'Tis Heavens ladder, gate to life
above.

Bring your ſelf acquainted with death, that when it comes you may entertaine it, *non ut hoſtis, ſed ut hoſpes*, not as an enemy, but as a gueſt; not as a foe, but as a friend: not as a ſtranger, but as a gueſt that you had long looked for: and bid welcome death, more bleſſed than your birth.

Thus did *Solomon* upon his Throne, extoll his Coffin above his Crown. What a grief then is it to ſee great men in theſe dayes build houſes of that ſtrength and ſtate, as if they ſhould alwaies live, and yet ſo live, as if they had but mortall ſoules? like the old Romans, who thought eternity dwelt in Statues, and in marble Monuments. *Patres veteres habitabant in cavernis; Cain verò ædificavit civitatem*

tatem in terra, sed perdidit Cœlum: Our Grandfathers lived in Caves, and *Cain* first built on earth, but lost Heaven; *I dwell in Cedars, but Gods Ark remaines under Curtaines*, was *Davids* grief.

It is good counsel, *Effice mortem tibi familiarem, ut possis cùm sors tulerit, illi lætus & alacriter obviam exire*, get familiar acquaintance with death, that when thy lot shall fall, thou mayest go forth glad and chearful to meet it. Though death be terrible, yet innocencie is bold.

As the thought of death daunts an ill liver; so it makes a good man, *Humilior, cautior, & cordatior*, more humble, more wary, and more fruitful. Yet do not as the Duellists and Gallants of the times do, go into the field to seek death, and find honour: Swift *Asahel* had he gone but slowly, might have overtaken death, but he runs to fetch it; so do Combatants in these dayes. *Vbi infelix victoria cum victor succumbit vitio: nam aut morieris pro homicidio, aut vives homicida*: where 'tis an unhappy victory for the

the Conquerour does baſely ſubmit to ſin, and thou ſhalt either die for murder, or live a murderer. Nor do not as the wits of the time do, put a ſcorn upon death; and to be accounted good company, dare abuſe God, deſpite death, and talke prophanely; yet no man for offending good fellowſhip, muſt reprove them: To be bitterly wittie in invectives pleaſes: and to have brain enough to be a *Timon*, ſeems a jolly thing: but in theſe caſes ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*, it is a fault not to find fault; *Nam quemadmodum malus ſermo ducit in peccatum, ſic ſilentium relinquit in peccato*, for as wicked diſcourſe leads into ſin, ſo does ſuch ſilence leave a man in it: A man may be mannerly in the form, but muſt be round in the matter: for a friend cannot make a more improvement of his friendſhip, than by a round reproof of his friend upon ſuch an occaſion.

One ſaith well, ſin doth ill in the eye, but worſe in the tongue: I know not, ſaith another, whether the

the maintenance of the leaſt evil be not worſe than the commiſſion of the greateſt: for this may be of frailty, that argues obſtinacy. Likewiſe, prophane ſpeeches, how ſharp ſoever, are ever hateſull to a good eare. Wherefore play not the wanton with *heaven*, take no part with wit againſt godlineſſe; ſuch aire poiſons goodneſſe, brings ſadneſſe at the laſt.

Seneca obſerving that ill men in their converſation, and good men in their prayers made over-bold with God, gave this counſel, So deal with men, as if God ſaw thee; ſo ſpeak to God, as if men heard thee: but ſay the good fellows of the world, *Offendatur Deus, ne contriſtetur amicus*, let God be diſpleaſed rather than thy friend diſtaſted. Let us enjoy our ſelves, to what elſe ſerves the ſulneſſe of our fortunes? but he counſels better that ſaith, *Temperanda eſt felicitas mundi, meditatione mortis, ut vinum aqua dilutum*; The happineſſe of the world is to be tempered with the remembrance of death, as wine is with water; ſuch

such an allay prosperity requires.

To this end good *Joseph* built his Sepulchre in his garden; *Saul* is no sooner anointed King, but was sent to *Rachels* sepulchre; some *Philosophers*, had their graves alwayes open before their gates, that going out and coming in, they might alwayes think of death: for in life they found comforts to be rare, crosses frequent, pleasures momentany, pains permanent.

In this world we are all *Benonies*, the sons of sorrow; the way to heaven is by weeping crosse. The Kalendar tells us, we come not to Ascension-day, till the Passion-week be past.

Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa, quiescunt.

All those proud strifes that break great spirits peace,
Throw but a little dust on them, will cease.

It is observed, that most of other creatures

creatures live long, but dying periſh all to nothing: Therefore ſome complain of Nature, that ſhe hath given too long a life to a Raven, and too ſhort a life to a man. Man that is ſhort-lived, yet he dying, lives eternally: Think but of this, and you will think as Saint *Bernard* did, that life were little better than hell, were it not for the hope of heaven.

Surely Chriſt would not have died, but that we may die in ſafety: he by death, in death, delivered us from death.

And did Chriſt die for me, that I might live with him? I will not therefore deſire to live long from him. Who would not go out of himſelf to go to God?

It is a token of little love to God, to be loath to go to God. All men go willingly to ſee him whom they love. Our brother *Joſeph* liveth; therefore, though with *Jacob* I cannot ſay, I will go ſee him before I die; Yet, Lord, let me die, that I may ſee him whom my ſoul loveth; living I cannot, but dying I ſhall.

The

The danger is, leſt difficulties and delights hinder our reſoluti-ons: Difficulties ſhould not, For ſince *Adams* fall none paſſes unto Paradiſe but by burning Seraphims; We cannot go out of *Egypt*, but thorow the Red-ſea. Thoſe chil-dren of Iſrael before they came to Hieruſalem, took in their way the valley of teares, and croſſed the ſwift river Jordan, before they came to the ſweet waters of Siloom. Pleaſures may hinder: For even that good Saint *Auguſtine* was once of the mind, that he would not leave preſent pleaſures for fu-ture hopes; but afterwards ſaid with ſorrow, *Pudeat vivere in deli-ciis, cum Chriſtus vixit in periculis*, It is a ſhame to live deliciouſly, when as Chriſt lived dangerouſly. *Moſes* when he came of yeares, re-fuſed to be called the ſon of *Pha-raohs* daughter, chuſing rather to ſuffer affliction with Gods chil-dren, than to enjoy the pleaſures of ſin for a ſeaſon. Proſperous for-tunes many times hinder a cheer-ful dying: but this petulant world

muſt

must be left: The vain pride of man befools him, and easily carries him to ridiculous affectations: But conscience of sin must not be exchanged for the sense of pleasure. To labour in conquering vice is the greatest pleasure we should take. The holy man exclaimes. *O quàm multi sunt qui mundum damnant, & tamen pauci relinquunt!* Alas, how many are there that rail at the world, and how few that leave it! Every sense about us, upon the least temptation, is a traitour to the soul. The body it self, if you set too high a price upon it, will make a cheap soul. *Magna corporis cura, magna mentis incura*: Our care for the body is great, and our carelessnesse of the soul no lesse. A man may be as happy in Russet as in Tissue; and he is an unhappy man, whose out-side is his best side: vile is Nature in her best dresse. It was good counsel of the Preacher, Care not for glorious aprarel, but apparel your self with glory. A spruce Roman, riding on a lean Jade, was asked by the Censor his reason,

reaſon, he anſwered, *Ego curo me-ipſum, Statius verò equum*, I look to my ſelf, but my man to my horſe. So vain men look to their bodies, look who liſt to their ſouls. *Dominam ancillari, & ancillam dominari abuſio eſt*, ſaith *Stella*, 'Tis a great abſurdity, that the Miſtreſſe ſhould play the handmaid, and the handmaid command.

Alſo high fortunes lead men to ſtrange faſhions; but if we would be of the Court of Heaven, we muſt faſhion our ſelves as the Countriman doth, who when he comes to Court, ſoon ſhakes off his Clowniſh tricks, and gets a civil behaviour: *Mundum cum ſuis frivolis*, the world with all its trifles, a good man muſt contemn.

If you would live well, live in awe of all eyes, and eſpecially take heed where you live; for the very place of pleaſure is dangerous. In Paradiſe *Adam* could not be innocent, but out of Paradiſe he was a good man. *Adam* was ſet upon in Paradiſe, *Job* on the dunghil; yet *Job* was *fortior in ſtercore, quam A-*

dam

dam in Paradiſo, ſtronger on the dunghil then *Adam* was in Paradiſe; We are no *Davids* now adays, therefore let us not be too ventrous; *David* when he had ſeen the magnificencie and ſtate of the Court, yet thought never the worſe of his retired life, but loved his hook the better: And when afterwards he came from keeping ſheep to be a Shepherd of men, he changed his ſtate without change of his diſpoſition; but this is not our condition now adayes; we are more for our ſheep then our ſouls. Man is the ſon of deſires, but judge not of things by the face of things, for life and death have deceivable vizards, under the fair face of life lurks grief, under the foul feature of death (which is but fancie) lies felicity; take off the mask, and you will change your minde, loath that you loved, love that you loathed.

Vita habitu caſto, cùm non ſit caſta videtur:
Mors præter cultum nil meretricis habet.

Life,

Life, though she be not chaste, would fain seem so,
And dead hath nothing whorish but the shew.

The kindes of death.

THe kindes of death as of life are two, one bodily, the other spiritual:

Bodily life is the conjunction of body and soul, bodily death is the separation of body and soul, And as a godly man hath three degrees of life. The first in this life when Christ lives in him; The second, when his body returns to earth, and his soul to God that gave it: The third, at the end of the world, when body and soul re-united shall enjoy heaven:

So likewise a wicked man hath three degrees of death; Dead in sin while he lives; Dead in soul when he dies; Dead in body and soul, when both shall be adjudged and condemned.

Malis fit mors sine morte, evil men

men die a death that never dies.

Finis sine fine, an endlesse end.

Defectus sine defectu, a decay that shall never decay.

Quia mors vivit, finis semper incipit, & deficere defectus nescit.

Because their death lives, atd their end always begins, and their decay knows not to decay.

On the other side, to the faithfull death is but the finishing of his mortification, and burying of his sin.

Freedom of Death.

THe freedoms we have by Death are many.

1. First, from all worldly injuries. Here good men do but live and suffer *Bene agere, & malè pati*, do well, and suffer ill; that's their portion; Sufferings, are greater trials then actions, but they prepare to happinesse: It is good for me that I have been afflicted, saith *David*.

Non sentire mala, non esset hominis, non ferre, non esset viri: He that does

does not feel evils, is no man, he that cannot bear them, is a woman: but what are momentary afflictions to an eternal weight of glory?

2. Secondly, it ends all. Misery is a privative good, putting a period to all ill. Man in misery, saith *Job, longs for death, and digs for it more then treasure; Mors finis est, non pœna*, death is but an end, not a pain: Nay, saith one, *Nec finis, nec pœna; bonis lex est, non pœna perire*, It is neither end nor pain, but to good men a law rather then a punishment. It is another *Moses* unto man, delivering him out of bondage, and making brick in *Egypt*.

It ends sin, not life: it reforms, but doth not destroy nature.

Vitiorum est sepultura, virtutum Resurrectio; There is a burial of vices, but a resurrection of vertues.

3. Thirdly, it frees from all corporal infirmities.

Mors omnium dolorum solutio; death is the disbanding of all griefs.

Life it self is a disease, and we die by corruption of humours whether

whether they be of body or manners: who ſo thinks to heal all infirmities with an eaſier plaiſter then death: *Dilinimenta potiùs quàm remedia podagræ ſuæ ponit*, applies rather flatteries to his gout then remedies.

4. Fourthly, it free us from all bodily labours: Man is the ſubject of the earth by labour, of heaven by ſuffering. The *Spirit* ſaith, *Bleſſed are they that die in the* Lord, *they reſt from their labours. Adeò juvat occupatum mori*, ſo pleaſant is it to a buſie man to die; Here I have labour without reſt, there I ſhall have reſt without labour. In this reſt perfect tranquillity, in this tranquillity contentment, in this contentment joy, in this joy variety, in this variety ſecurity, in this ſecurity eternity; ſo to reſt, to riſe, to reign, what more to be wiſhed.

5. Fifthly, it eaſes us of all cares and troubles: *Refrigeries eſt animæ*, Refection to the ſoul; Were we but in a throng, we would think that man at eaſe who gets out firſt.

Noah,

Noah, when he had been toſſed but a year upon the waters, then Mount *Ararat* was to him a gladſome place; ſo likewiſe miſerable man after many wearieſome years toſſed up and down the world as in a troubled ſea, will be glad of death, as of Mount *Ararat*, a reſting place for his tired ſoul.

Old *Chaucers* Epitaph is a good one:

Mors ærumnarum requies, death is the repoſe of cares.

The long ſick man wrote upon his grave-ſtone; *Hic ero ſanus*, here I ſhall be well.

In war we often relieve the Watch: Life is a warfare, yet hath no relief but death.

6. Laſtly, death doth us not the leaſt pleaſure in freeing us from phantaſmes and vain pleaſures: *Periclitatur enim caſtitas in deliciis, Pietas in negotiis, Veritas in multiloquio, charitas in ſeculo*; for in pleaſures our chaſtity is endangered, in buſineſſe our piety, our truth in much ſpeech, our charity in things worldly.

And

And yet ſome pleaſures may ſtand with innocency; For God loves to ſee his creatures happy, but commonly the pleaſures of the body are the poiſons of the ſoul: a man ſmothered in Roſes meetes with Death, though in ſweetneſſe; *Delicatas enim mentes enervat felicitas*: proſperity cuts the ſinews of delicate ſpirits. In vain mirth there is no true joy, nor yet gladneſſe in laughter; *Nam res eſt ſevera verum Gaudium*, for true joy is a ſerious matter: The only object of true joy is God; *In the multitude of ſorrowes that I had in my heart, thy comforts have refreſhed me, and do delight my ſoul*, ſaith *David*.

Delight in pleaſures, and you ſhall find your greateſt pleaſures become your bittereſt paines.

Miſer homo, cujus gaudium crimen habet, what a ſad wretch is this poor man, whoſe very joy is not innocent.

But cheriſh that Syntereſis, the natural power in the ſoule, and that will ſtirre you up to a cheerfulneſſe in goodneſſe; *Ne quæras*

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Deum in hortis & paſcuis deliciarum: Moſes eum invenit in ſpinis & aſperitate vitæ, ſeek not God in the gardens and green meadowes of pleaſures for *Moſes* found him in the thorns and roughneſſe of life.

A man, whoſe ſoul, is converſant with *God*, ſhall finde more pleaſure in the deſert and in death, then in the Palace of a Prince.

Soverainty reaches not to the affairs of Nature; even Princes muſt die: *I have ſaid you are gods, but you ſhall die like men.*

The benefits by Death.

THe benefits that come by Death: Fulneſſe of Grace which here we have but in part; *Vivere velint homines ut perfecti ſint, mori volunt & perfecti ſunt*, men would live to be perfect but they are ſo only when they are as willing to die. Here we have but *Arrham Spiritus*, the earneſt of the Spirit, there we ſhall have *Pretium; ſedete à dexteris*; our reward, ſit ye on

on my right hand, will be our welcome. Here mens regeneration is never accomplished: by death it is fully pefected.

Secondly, perfection of Glory; now I know but in part; but then I shall know as I am known: now I see darkly, as in a glasse, then shall I see face to face, There shall be new Heavens, new earth, the world shall be made better, not nothing, *Suscipit enim melioration*em, *non interitum*, it receives a bettering, not a destruction. *Old things are passed away, behold*, saith St. *Paul*, *all things are become new. There shall be no more an infant of dayes nor an old man that hath not filled his dayes*, saith *Esay*. The Heavens you behold shall be super-invested with new endowments, made everlasting habitations for the Saints departed. *Erimus participes*, *non tantùm spectatores gloriæ*, we shall be sharers, not only spectators of glory; enjoy with these eyes *visionem illam beatificam*, that blessed vision; joy unspeakable, *and this joy* saith St. *John*, *no man shall take from us*.

Thirdly, inſeparable fellowſhip with Chriſt: *They follow the Lamb whitherſoever he goeth.* There we ſhall be married to him, here we be but contracted; *Deſponſabo te mihi* I will marry thee to me, ſaith the Prophet. Thoſe favours and love-tokens I have here received, do but inflame, not ſatisfie; and theſe I am willing to part with, leſt they ſhould make me loth to depart to him that gave me them.

There is none can fill the mind of man, but the bleſſed Trinity, when God the Father the moſt ancient of daies ſhall fill our memories, God the ſon who is wiſedome it ſelf, ſhall fill our vnderſtandings, God the Holy Ghoſt, who is contentation and Love ſhall ſit in our will, then all the powers of our mind will be at reſt, whenas they ſhall enjoy him who made them.

Meretricius eſt amor, plus annulum quam ſponſum amare; 'tis the love of whores, more to value the gold-ring than the bridegroom,

Laſtly, it brings me where I would

would be, into my own *Countrey*, into *Paradiſe*, where I ſhall meet, not as in the *Elzium* of the *Poets*, *Catones*, *Scipiones & Scevola's*: But *Abraham*, *Iſaac* and *Jacob*, the *Patriarchs* my fathers, the *Saints* my brothers, the *Angels* my friends, my wife, children and kinsfolks that are gone before me, and do attend me, looking and longing for my arriving there. Where we ſhall thus congratulate, as Saint *Paul* ſaith, we are met in mount *Sion* the City of the living God, and the Celeſtial *Jeruſalem*, in the company of innumerable Angels, where things that eye hath not ſeen, nor eare heard, nor heart of man can conceive, are prepared for us and all that fear God.

Therefore I will ſay, *Lord*, when ſhall I come and appeare before thee? *Like as the Hart panteth for the water-brookes, ſo pants my ſoul for thee, O God: I had rather be a doorkeeper in thy houſe, than dwell here, though in Chambers of pleaſure*: and know this, that glory followes grace, if little grace be here, leſſe will be the glory hereafter.

Touching the Second General Division.

II.

The feares or joyes that Death brings.

The feares of Death.

Timor est dolor, all fear is grievous. *The King of feares* is Death; for nothing is absolutely fearfull, but what tends to Death. *The living Dog*, saith *Solomon*, *is better than the dead Lion.* The basest life excells the best bare being. Naturally men fear Death, because it ends being, which Nature would preserve. *Omnis dolor surgit ab amore*, all grief ariseth from love. *Rachel mourned for her children, and would not be comforted, because they were not.*

Very

Very not-being is sufficiently abhorred by Nature; yet Death ends not-being.

Christians were wont to be of that courage, that they feared nothing but sinne: Saying to the Law thou hast no power over me, for God the Father hath sent his son to redeem me from thy bondage, thou dost accuse, terrifie, condemn in vain for I will creep into the hole which bloudy *Longinus* made with his spear in my Saviours side: there will I hide my self from all my foes, I will plunge my conscience in his wounds, Death, victorious resurrection, glorious ascension. *Timuit mortem Petrus, & negavit Christum, S. Peter* feared death, and this made him deny Christ. But why should a man fear death that doth but restore him to him that made him. *Timeat mortem qui Deum non timet; sed si sperare desideras, desine timere*, let him fear death that does not fear, God: but if thou desirest to hope cease to fear. Feares, as all passions, do disquiet the heart; Yet just feare breeds but care, and feare

mixt with faith ſolicites unto goodneſſe; but diſtruſtfull fear, as over-confident hope, are both alike hartful.

Sunt autem qui Deum nec timent, nec ſperant, but there are ſome who neither feare God, nor truſt in him. Theſe men are deſperate; Go on, and ſhut up a careleſſe life with a diſconſolate death. Feare of death is commonly the effect of an evill life. Feare vice ſpecially in age, leſt the nearer you come to death, the farther you go from life. The *Convert* ſaid well, *Periiſſem niſi periiſſem*, I had periſhed, but that I did periſh.

It is true, the name of Death to moſt is fearful; Yet *Pompa mortis magis terret quam ipſa mors*, the train of death affrights more than death it ſelf. Groans, convulſions, diſcoloured faces, theſe ſhew death terrible; becauſe God loves at firſt to make way for himſelf by terrour, but at laſt conveyes himſelf to us in ſweetneſſe. And what trouble can the feare breed, when that which is feared is a favour?

That

That *Philoſopher* is not to be followed, who to prepare himſelfe the better for Death, did ſet forth death moſt fearfully: nor yet is that Emperour to be praiſed, who ſo little eſteemed death, as he died in a complement.

The feare of Death; is worſe than the paines of death; *Timor mortis ipſa morte pejor*, the feare of death is worſe than it ſelf, becauſe feare of death kills us often, where death it ſelf can do it but once. And when that is done, ſaith *Job*, the *Womb will forget thee; and the wormes feed ſweetly on thee.*

There is nothing more miſerable or fooliſh than alwaies to fear.

The *Philoſopher* thought, that if Death (as bad as men count it) were not mingled with bitterneſſe, men would run to it with deſire and indiſcretion.

Ergo mortem concupiſcentes, & timentes æque objurgat Epicurus, therefore *Epicurus* doth equally reprove thoſe that deſire death, and thoſe that fear it.

It is true, Life would not be troubled

bled with too much care, nor Death with too much fear, becauſe feares betray, cares diſorder thoſe ſuccours which reaſon would afford to both; But he is more ſorrowful than is neceſſary, that is ſorrowful before there be neceſſity. Nor will I ever think my ſoul in good caſe, ſo long as I fear to think of dying. When the Prince of life was under the Arreſt of Death, then Deaths ſeeming victory was terrible: But now, *O Death where is thy ſting? O grave, where is thy victory?*

Feares multiply evils. Faith diminiſhes them; yet moſt men wiſh, *ut mors potius ſemel, quàm ſemper impendeat*, that Death would rather fall on them at once, then hang alwayes threatning over them; becauſe nothing is ſo painfull as to dwell long under the expectation of ſome great evill, Of themſelves, paines of Death are only throwes of travell that bring forth joyes in ſuffering paines.

Abſolvitur anima, reſolvitur corpus; gaudet quod abſolvitur; quod reſolvitur non ſentit, the ſoule is diſcharged

charged by it, the body dissolved the one rejoyceth for her liberty: the other feels not that she is asunder.

The Heathen man could say, *Non ego pœnas esse quibusdam post mortem; sed quid ad mortem, quid post mortem!* I beleive not for my part, that there is any punishment to any after death: but say there were, yet what is it to death what shall be after death: If there be any feares in Death! *Quare juvenes non timent fieri senes?* why do young men feare to become old men? But it is the nature of feare, to make dangers greater, helps lesse than they are.

When *Anaxagoras* had word brought him that his dear and onely son was dead: *Scio*, said he, *me genuisse mortalem*, I know I begot him mortal. The sons condition satisfied the fathers passion.

There is no such gentle removal of griefe, or lifes discontents, as the right sense of Death; nor can that man either live at ease, or yet contentedly, that lives continually in feare of death. *Nil in morte me-*

tuamus

tuamus, ſi nihil timendum vita noſtra commiſit, Never fear what you ſhall ſuffer when you are dead, if you have not deſerved it while you lived.

In learning to live, ſtudy how to die. We take great care to beſtow our time well while we live; but he loſes all his time, that knowes not how to end his time.

Neſcire mori miſerrimum, nothing more miſerable then not to know how to die.

Socrates de morte diſputabat uſque ad ipſam, Socrates diſputed concerning death until he died. When *Otho* and *Cato* had prepared all things for their death, they ſetled themſelves to ſleep; when they awaked and found themſelves upon the ſtroke of execution, al they ſaid was, *Vita ſupplicio data eſt, mors remedio:* Life is given for a puniſhment, death for a remedy. Tyrants have been told to their faces, that their mortal wounds made the ſufferers immortal.

Vivere non poteſt, qui mori non audet, he cannot live that dares not die.

There

There is no man ſo valiant as the believer.

It was a Proverb amongſt the Heathen; *Soli Chriſtiani mortis contemptores*, onely Chriſtians were true deſpiſers of death.

Zeno's word was, *Difficile eſt hominem exuere*, 'tis an hard thing to put off man; but off he muſt.

It is true, fear of Death (as a tribute due to Nature) is a weakneſſe; yet feares be not alwayes ill ſymptomes before death, nor in death. At that inſtant Nature will reluct to keep ſtill her being, unto which death is repugnant, life pleaſing.

But neither life nor being are alike to all men: To an ill man the beſt had been, not to have been, *Non naſci optimum*, beſt not to have been born; his next beſt was, to live long: It was ill with him that he was born, worſe that he muſt die. Therefore not being ſure of a better life he would faine make much of this. He is conſcious to himſelfe, that this dying life will bring him to a living death, yet thinks,

thinks, *Dum ſpiro, ſpero*, whileſt I breath, I hope; and ſo flutters, *inter mortis metum, & vitæ tormentum; nolit vivere, & neſcit mori*; betwixt fear of death, and torture of life; unwilling to live, and ignorant to die. A good man is otherwiſe minded, he counts his end the beſt of his being, for that brings him to the fruition of his hope. *Quid hujus vivere eſt*, what is this mans life, but *diis mori*, to die to the gods? His word is, *Cùm expiro ſpero*; when I breath out my ſoule, I draw in hope; my body only lived *ſpirando*, by breathing, my ſoul lives *ſperando*, by hoping; when his breath fails him, his hope faints not, *Patienter vivit, delectabiliter moritur*, he lived patiently, he died delightfully. To this man, *mori quamprimùm*, to die as ſoon as he can, is his rather: therefore he ſaith to his ſoul, *Why art thou caſt down, O my ſoule, why art thou ſo diſquieted within me? wait on God.*

The

The difference of ſoules as well in dying as living.

SOul and ſoul are differenced in dying as well as in being. The Atheiſt dares not die, for fear of *non eſſe*, not being; The ill liver dares not die for feare of *malè eſſe*, evil being; The doubtful conſcience dares not die *neſciendo*, by not knowing, whether he ſhall be, not be, or be damned: Onely the good man dares and deſires to die. He is aſſured of his hope, his hope is full of immortality, *What can I fear, when I know in whom I beleeve*, ſaid the holy Martyr? *I am thy ſalvation*, ſaith that Saviour of man.

Could death end miſery, the greateſt happineſſe a wicked man would wiſh, were the act of Death: But his conſcience will not let him lie, he knowes the end of his preſent miſeries is the beginning of worſe; yea, ſuch as death it ſelf cannot terminate: for that would be happineſſe enough, had he hope there would be an end at the laſt.

Tophet

Tophet is prepared for the bad, and *Paradiſe* for the good; *As the tree falleth ſo it lieth.* As Death leaves him, ſo Judgement ſhall find him.

There was neither death nor life but had ſome good in it, could he have ſeen it. In life there was ſome eaſe, in death an end; But *in Inferno*, in hell there is neither eaſe nor end.

Prima mors animam dolentem pellit de corpore; the firſt death drives the ſad ſoul out of the body.

Secunda mors animam nolentem tenet in corpore; the ſecond death holds the unwilling ſoule in the body.

There is no *Annus Platonicus*, Platonick year, nor year of Jubile in this place.

Could we therefore fore-think what bitter paines our ſweet ſinnes will coſt, we would be provident, we durſt not but be innocent.

But fooliſh men give away their ſoules for nothing: yet thoſe that would not feare for love, ſhall tremble for fear, and finde, though too late,

late, how much prevention is better then confusion. In the sense of paine and horrour of conscience, they will one day cry, *O vos omnes qui transitis*, O all you that passe by, all ye that passe by, *attendite, & videte si est dolor sicut dolor meus*, see and behold, if ever any sorrow like my sorrow, Then pangs of death, anguish of conscience, frights of hell meeting altogether, will render a man perfectly miserable.

It is strange that we will not be wise by other mens harmes: for though we love our selves better then others, yet we see others better then our selves, Reason therefore bids us, if we would see our owne case, then to view it in another mans person, and so prevent that which he feels.

Seldom doth he die well, that lives ill; therefore in the course of your life practice well-doing, and at parting you shall have the comfort of well-dying.

Body

Body and Soul parting.

SEd quàm amarum erit hoc tempore corporis & animæ ſeparatio? But oh how bitter at that time will be the parting of ſoul and body? We ſee old acquaintance cannot part without teares. *Quid facient intimè familiares, quales ſunt corpus & anima, quæ ab ipſo utero ita jucundiſſimè vixerint?* what ſhall ſuch intimate familiar frends do, as the ſoul and body are, which have lived together from the wombe with ſo much delight? If the Oxe loweth when his fellow is taken from him that drew the plough with him, *qualem mugitum*, what lowing ſhall we give when ſoul and body part? *Siccine ſeparas, amara Mors? Siccine ſeparas?* Doeſt thou part us ſo? O bitter death, doeſt thou part us ſo?

When I go *in fundum*, into the bottom, there ſhall I ſee *noſtrum nihil*, our nothingneſſe ſaith the Book of Kings. The Spirit at this time may be willing, but the fleſh will

will be loath *Ægrè amittitur, quod valde amatur*, that is loſt with trouble, that is too ſtrongly beloved.

Faith will aſſure God is thy Father: but Nature will tell thee, She is thy mother, and thou mayeſt not yet leave her. In this conflict take heed the mothers ſide prevail not: ſhe will play *Naomies* part, perſwade thee earneſtly to ſtay and enjoy the delights of *Moab* yet a while longer; but reſolve thou with *Ruth* to ſee what entertainment is for thee in *Bethlehem*, for there thou ſhalt finde a *Boaz*.

In iſta hora, in that houre every man will make *Baalams* ſuit, (for no man would be miſerable, if it were enough to deſire to be happy.) *Beatus vult homo eſſe, etiam non ſic vivendo ut poſſet eſſe*, man wiſheth to be bleſſed, though he have no minde to live ſo as that he may be bleſſed. Some there are that would not wiſh to live, but wiſh they had not lived. But ſuch wiſhes will not ſerve, death will not be ſatisfied with wiſhes, nor with words. Heaven is full of good works

works, hell full of good wishes. He must *piè vivere*, live godly, that will *securè mori*, die safely. We all desire to shut up our last scene of life with, *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum*, Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit. But it is not the last words a man utters, that do qualifie his soul. Remember how in thy life thou hast entertained Gods Spirit: for as we used him in this life, so he will use ours after death. *Qualem quisque se fecerit in hac vita, talem se inveniet exiens ab hac vita*, such as any man hath made himself in this life, such shall he finde himself when he goes out of this life.

At this hour what would a man give to secure his soul? *Quid dabis pro anima tua, qui pro nihilo das illam?* what wilt thou give then for thy soule to save it, that doest so prodigally throw it away now for nothing? Poor man! never was any so rich as could pay the ransome of his own soule; a displeased mercy askes greater satisfaction.

And this know, that when thou dyest,

dyeſt, thou goeſt to give account of thy Stewardſhip, that is, *Temporis amiſſi, Mali commiſſi, Boni omiſſi*: of thy time loſt, of the evil thou haſt done, and the good thou haſt not done: and thy ſoule already knowes, *in conſcientia tua*, in thy conſcience, whither it goes, *quando egreditur è corpore tuo*, when it paſſeth out of thy body; for thy conſcience is a Juſtice *Itinerant* within thee, and though thou canſt carry nothing elſe with thee, yet this thou canſt not leave behinde thee, that will tell thee whither thou goeſt, and what thou ſhalt look for; *Tunc quaſi loquentia tua opera dicent, Tu nos egiſti, tua opera ſumus, non te deſeremus: ſed tecum ibimus ad Judicium*: then ſhall thy doings, even ſpeaking aloud, ſay unto thee, Thou haſt done us, we are thy works, we will not leave thee, but will go with thee to judgement. In that day ſhall come into mens mindes (*vi divina*, by the divne power) in the twinkling of an eye all their paſt good or evil works.

Memory the Magazine of the Soul

Soule will then recount all that thou haſt done, ſaid, or thought all thy life long: for there needs no other art of memory for ſinne, but miſery.

Man is a great flatterer of himſelf, but conſcience is alwayes juſt, and will never chide thee wrongfully; It alwayes takes part with God againſt a mans ſelf; It is *magiſtratus domeſticus*, a domeſtick Magiſtrate, that will tell what you do at home: it is well termed, the pulſe of the ſoule; therefore if you would know the true ſtate of your body or ſoule, feele how this beats, that will tell you, yet take heed you make not an idol of your conſcience, neither think, as ſome do, that it is a crime to make a conſcience of our actions. The Book of Wiſdom ſaith, that *wickedneſſe being preſſed with conſcience, fore-caſteth grievous things*; fear is full of project.

Nemo ſeveriorem ſeipſo habet judicem, no man can have a more ſevere Judge then himſelf: therefore *non timere judicium*, not to fear judgment

ment is a desperate thing; yet we pray daily, *Domine adveniat Regnum tuum.* Lord, let thy Kingdom come.

It shews a Christian courage.

Regnum Dei postulare, to seek the Kingdom of God: but a man had need of a good cause, that wishes the coming of his Judge.

At point of death, if a man will take his aime by the best man that ever lived or died; that of *David*, *Ezekias*, and of Christ himself (as he was man) is able to amaze any man, when as our Saviour Christ not many houres before he suffered, said, *Anima mea turbata est, & quid dicam?* my soul is troubled, and what shall I say? and at the very point of death, said, *Father, if it be thy Will, let this Cup passe from me.* When *David* said, *Save, Lord, for thy mercies sake: for in death there is no remembrance of thee. And* Ezechias *wept sore*, when he was bid, *Put thy house in order, for thou must die. Si Patres, si Prophetæ, si Apostoli, si Martyres, si Christus ipse*, If the Patriarchs, If the Prophets

if

if the Apoſtles, if the Martyrs, if Chriſt himſelf was thus troubled at the hour of death, *Wretched man that I am, what ſhall I do?* We were all to ſeek, but that Chriſt bids us, *Be of good cheer, for I have overcome death*; *Mors morte redempta eſt*, death is redeemed by death, Now there is advantage in death; that which was the wages of ſinne, is made the reward of righteouſneſſe.

Now that death hath overcome death, and that faith hath ſecured fear: *Nec me tædet vivere, nec timeo mori*, I am neither weary of life, nor afraid to die; for what can he fear in death, whoſe death is his hope? *Timor timore pellitur, ut clavus clavo truditur*, fear is baniſh't by fear, as one naile is driven out by another, *Right precious in the ſight of God is the death of Saints.*

See then what makes men willing or loath to die.

Obſecro te, Lucille, ſaid *Seneca*, *Cur timeat laborem vir, mortem homo?* I pray thee, O *Lucillus*, why ſhould

ſhould a ſtrong man feare labour, or a mortal man death: It is the preſent condition of men that makes them willing or loath to die.

Nor life, nor death are alike to all men: Some can as willingly leave the world, as others can forbear the Court. And count him but unwiſe, *Qui os ſuum aperit aëri, ut ſatiaret vento*, that opens his mouth for aire, that he may fill his belly with winde. Some ſay unto themſelves. *Since the fathers fell aſleep, all things continue as they were. Liberè ignorant, ut liberius peccent*, they are willingly ignorant, that they may more freely ſin. Theſe will erect to themſelves an heaven out of heaven, and be bleſſed before they be dead. Some pleaſant their lives, as if the world ſhould alwayes laugh upon them. *Quam vis pejor eſt mundus cum blanditur, quam cum indignatur*, though the world is far worſe when ſhe flatters, than when ſhe ſcolds.

Some ſay, *Let us eat and drink, for to morrow we ſhall die. Et poſt mortem nulla voluptas*, and after

death there is no more pleasure. These would do any thing rather than die. Others thinking to please God by making themselves miserable, live as if they came into the world but to act a sad mans part and die.

De tanta lætitia, quanta tristitia! Oh how great sorrow breeds from such joy!

These wish a change, hoping it will be a benefit. All weak mindes seek ease in change. Therefore well said the son of *Syrach*, *O death how acceptable is thy remembrance to him whose strength failes? That is now in his last Age, and vexed with all things: and to him that despaireth and hath lost patience?* Contrariwise *O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that lieth at rest in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that prospereth in all things!* (*Sed O seculum nequam, quod solos tuos sic soles beare amicos, ut Dei facias inimicos!*) But O wicked world, which doest onely blesse thy friends, as to make them Gods enemies!

Certainly

Certainly to this man that thus lives at eaſe in delicacie with affluence of all things, (for to uſe happineſſe is as difficult as to forbear it) to him it is a ſad and bitter meditation to think that death muſt take him from all theſe joyes, wherin his heart took pleaſure, though indeed pleaſures are but paines in their loſſe. *O pro quantillo Regnum perdidi* ! Alas, for how ſmall a thing have I loſt my Kingdome! ſaid *Lyſimachus*, when he gave his Kingdom for a cup of cold water.

Thus as men differ in their condition; ſo do they in the acceptation of death.

Sed, O quàm amara mors mundum amantibus ! But O how bitter is death to them that love the world !

Every poore contentment glues us to that we like. And what are thoſe contentments? Vaine hopes, impure pleaſures, falſe honours, dangerous greatneſſe, unſatisfying wealth, ſtormie contentments, all contemptible. For all that ſome good men covet, *Et Deum & mun-*

dum ſimul complecti, to graſpe and incloſe both God and the world together; but that will not be, *Nam Deus non amat cor diviſum*, for God loves not a divided heart. A man cannot look up to heaven with one eye, and down to the earth with the other. *Amor Dei non eſt dividendus terrenis*, our love of God is not to be divided with the things of the world. Chriſt would not have his coat divided.

If thy heart be ſet on heaven, thy ſoul will have no pleaſure in theſe low things, look upward, a good Chriſtian is high-minded:

Os homini ſublime dedit, cœlúm que tueri.

He with a lofty look did man endue.
And gave him power the ſtarry skies to view.

The minde contemplating, heaven walkes beyond eye-ſight and at ſo farre a diſtance diſcerns God, as if he were at hand. There be certain Sublapients ſo wordly wiſe, as they think all other men inſipients. To converſe with God is true ſolace,

ſolace. We are never well, but when we are converſing with others, but our converſation is ſeldome in heaven where it ſhould be, *Moſes* was with God in the mountain, and came down gliſtering: his face ſhining. *Peter* when he was taken up to the Mount cried, *Faciamus hîc tria Tabernacula*, let us build three Tabernacles here: Whoever they be that dwell in Contemplation of heavenly things, ſee viſions, and come off rich in thoughts. In this ſtate, ſaid *David*, I have had more joy of heart, then they whoſe wine and oil increaſed.

Therefore if thy heart be right, thou needeſt not feare: But a heart and a heart God cannot abide. *Cor extenſum*, a large heart God loves. It is noted in nature, that the fearfulleſt creatures have the largeſt hearts. Let the feare of God enlarge thy heart, and then you need not feare your day of death. *Nam dies iſte, quem tanquam extremum aliqui reformidant, tibi æternæ ſalutis erit*, for that day which ſome men are afraid of as

their last, shall be to thee a day of eternal happinesse: Nor yet the face of death, for it will look upon thee, *Facie non horrendâ, sed blandâ; non terribili, sed amabili*: not with an horred face, but a fawning; not with a terrible but an amiable presence. Here is the difference, the good mans hope is even in death: The world-lover ends his hope and happinesse when he dies; As *Ahab* said to *Elias*, so saith he to death, *Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?* whereas the other saith, as *David* said to *Ahimaz*, *Let him come and welcome, for he is a good man, and cometh with good tidings.*

Plato discoursing unto one, *de contemptu mortis*, concerning the contempt of death, & speaking strangly upon it, was answered. *Fortiùs loqueris, quàm vivis: At ille dicebat, non quemadmodum viveret, sed quemadmodum vivendum esset*: thou speakest more bravely then thou livest; but he said, not as he did, but as he ought to live. For a weak mans rules may be better then the best mans

mans actions. But howſoever the Contemplation of death pleaſeth, the ſuffering of death will pinch. A man ſatisfied, that death is nothing but a bridge to conveigh over a tempeſtuous water to a calme ſhore; yet did not the word, *Ibis ad Patres*, thou ſhalt go to thy Fathers ſweeten the Contemplation, as did that wood caſt by *Moſes* into the waters of Marah, turning bitterneſſe into ſweetneſſe; the thought of death, (though it be but a gathering to our fathers) would be an unpleaſing ſtudy.

But fears being paſt which are but ſhadowes, ſet off joyes the better, therefore now to ſee the joyes that death brings.

The joyes brought by death.

PEr *anguſta pervenitur ad anguſta*, by difficult and narrow means we attain to noble ends. The ſoule of joy lies in the ſoules joy. It was *Sampſons* Riddle, *Out of the bitter came ſweet.* The good mans quality is to look thorow

death at glory. When we think upon the ſeparation of body and ſoul, then it is a ſweet Contemplation to conſider the conjunction of our bodies and ſouls with Chriſt; which being made by the bond of the Spirit in this life, ſhall never afterwards be cancelled. For let death, wilde beaſt, or birds devour and tear the body from the ſoul, yet neither body nor ſoul are thereby ſevered from Chriſt.

Non curo, ſaith *Ignatius*, *ſi ferarum dentes me moluerint, modò pura fiam farina Chriſto*, I care not, If the teeth of wilde beaſts grinde me, ſo I may become pure meat for Chriſt.

And yet the body thus conſumed, lives not in the grave, nor belly of the beaſt, nor yet receives life or ſenſe from the ſoul, nor hath aptitude in it ſelf to reanimation, whileſt it is in this Seat.

The dead tree, ſaith *Job*, *by the ſent of water will bud again, but man is ſick and dieth, and where is he?* ſurely not loſt but laid a while at reſt.

But when the great Aſſizes, that generall *Venite*, Come ye, comes:

Then

Then look what the condition of Christ was in his death, the like shall be of his members. The Body and Soule of Christ were severed as farre as heaven and the grave were distant; yet neither of them were parted from the Godhead: so likewise our bodies and soul, though rent and pulled in sunder millions of miles distant: neither of them are severed or disjoyned from Christ our head.

Qui prædixit, revixit, he that foretold, revived, and this hath wrought it. Humane wisdom cannot comprehend this, Weak faith looks for meanes, and is put to shifts, when she sees them fail: and yet Reason ministers help to faith, though it be no ground of faith: *Nam fides non tollit, sed potius extollit rationem*; for faith does not take away, but rather set up reason: Reason, the cheifest peece of man would, but cannot reach so high. Grace that hath taken up her seat in the soule, makes Reason see what Nature cannot; And yet man, do what he can, is still apt

to ſeek a reaſon why he ſhould believe. But Omnipotency, which works by improbabilities; tells us, there is no ſtrong faith where there is apparant meanes. Difficulties and improbabilities, are the proper objects of faith, *Crede, quod non vides, & videbis, quod non credis:* Believe what thou ſeeſt not, and thou ſhalt ſee what thou believeſt not.

Philoſophers ſay, that credulity upon weak grounds, is the daughter of folly. But as opinion is owing unto reaſon, ſo is Faith to Religion. With them, to believe nothing for which they ſaw not reaſon was counted wiſdom.

But faith is not faith if reaſon comprehend it; Faith and Reaſon have their limits; where Reaſon ends, Faith begins: Of old it was the greateſt argument for proofe of Chriſtianity, the proceeding of it contrary to Reaſon.

In Nature we ſee that in Winter-ſeaſon, trees which ſeeme as dead, revive again in the Spring: becauſe the Body, Graines and Armes

of

of the Tree are joyned to the root, where the Sap lies all the Winter: and by meanes of conjunction it conveyes vegetation to all parts of the Tree: Even so mens bodies have their Winter, when they are turned into dust, *Homo arbor inversa, cujus radix in cœlis, rami in terra:* man is a tree inverted, whose root is in heaven, and the boughes on earth. Mans life lies hid in Christ with God; Yet in the day of the Resurrection, by reason of this mystical Conjunction, divine & quickening vertue shal stream from Christ to his Elect, and cause them to resurge from grave to life eternal. For the head will not be without the members; where he is, there they shall be also. Therefore incredulous Nature, shrink not at the impossibility of Resurrection, when the God of Nature undertakes it.

It is noted how in that transfiguration, the body of *Moses*, which was hid in the valley of *Moab*, appeared in the valey of *Tabor*, which assures that this body of ours, lodge it where you will, is not lost, but laid

laid up to be raiſed to glory, as it was laid down in duſt.

The incineration and diſſipation of this duſt ſhall have a recollection in the day of reſurrection.

In the valley of dead bones, did not the Spirit ſay to *Ezechiel*, Propheſie upon theſe bones and ſay, *O ye dry bones, I will cauſe breath to enter into you, I will lay ſinewes upon you, and will bring up fleſh, and you ſhall live? Awake then, and ſing, you that dwell in duſt*, ſaith *Eſay*; for thy dew is as the dew of herbes, and the earth ſhall caſt out her dead. *I know*, ſaith *Job*, *that my Redeemer liveth, and I ſhall ſee God face to face.* Our bodies you ſee, are not caſt off by death, but put to new making. Therefore Saint *Bernard* upon the loſſe of his friend, expoſtulates thus with death; *Occidiſti, poſſediſti, Sed quid? corpus, non animam, & veniet aliquando Chriſtus cum poteſtate, & majeſtate, carnem illam quærere, & illud corpus cadaveroſum configurare corpori claritatis ſuæ?* ſo thou haſt ſlain him, thou haſt taken poſſeſſion; but of what? not his ſoule but

but his body, and Christ will come one day in Power and Majesty, to seek after that flesh, and to conform that rotten body to his glorious body.

It is well for man, that his body by death becomes putrid, resolved and crumbled to nothing, else how would some mens corps be honoured, if not adored, after death?

Sleep saith now unto our Sister Death, *Awake thou that sleepest; for now is your salvation nearer then when you believed.*

Why then should a man immoderately sorrow, since sorrow is good for nothing but for sinne; or grieve for the death of a friend: since, as *Seneca* saith, It is but envie, not sorrow? Now that the childe is dead, wherefore should I fast or weep, said *David*? Griefe preceding evil, if it be used for a remedy, cannot be too much; But that which followes an evill past remedy, cannot be too little. The arrest of death shall not alwayes keepe him that lies down in peace.

The

The bodies of Saints, ſaith *Auguſtine*, ſhall be raiſed, *Tantâ facilitate, quantâ felicitate*, with as much eaſe, as happineſſe. *Nam mors tantùm intermittit vitam, non eripit*, for death onely pauſeth life, not takes it away: it doth not diſannull, but diſcontinue life. And by our riſing we are remitted to our better right: A life which never dies, a morning that hath no Eve nor ending.

Now me thinks I hear death ſay of life, as *John Baptiſt* ſaid of Chriſt, *He that cometh after me is before me.*

O ſweet word! Life, the beſt Monoſyllable in the world, Gods own attribute; *Deus vivit*, God liveth. *And my ſoul*, (ſaith *Job*) *ſhall live, for my Redeemer liveth.*

And is this life but the child of death? Then bleſſed alſo be the word *Death*; the mother of life, *I will no more call thee Marah, but Naomi*; for thou art not bitter, but ſweet, more pleaſant, though ſwifter in thy gate, then the Roe or Hinde. The Stoick could ſay, *Mors*

eſt

est quæ efficit, ut nasci non sit supplicium, 'tis death which causeth that to be borne is no punishment. But what saith Saint *John*? *I heard a voice from heaven, saying, Write; Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord, they die no more; Death hath no more power over them. All teares are wiped from their eyes. Petronella* the daughter of Saint Peter, *febrè moritur: rogatus Petrus, cur non illi sicut aliis succurreret? hoc illi præstare respondit*: dies of a Fever, Saint Peter being asked, why he did not heale her as well as others? answered, No, this is much better for her: it was better for her to die.

Compare life with death, and you will clearly see, how death which seems to dispossesse us of all, puts us in possession of more then that all.

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.
Tendimus in Latium, sedes ubi fata quietas Ostendunt.

Through many turnes, and divers sorts of chance.

To'

To ſafe and quiet dwellings we advance.

It is but being which we have by birth, a better being is by death, *Eſſe naturæ eſt, bene eſſe gratiæ, optimum eſſe gloriæ*: our being is from nature, our well-being from grace, our beſt being from glory. Mans happy being is Eternity, Gods proper Name is *Being*, Being is our Chriſtan name.

Fain would man be happy while he lives: But the world will ſcarce afford him a vacation unto ſorrows. No man can ſpeak him happy, that hath a day to live. *Neſcit enim quid ſerus veſper vehat*, for what late evening brings he cannot tell. There is divine Philoſophy in that ſaying, *Others bring forth the beſt wine firſt, but thou bringeſt that which is beſt laſt.* The end of man is better then man, whoſe birth is ſin, his life folly, his death rottenneſſe.

Though we cannot brag of our Parentage, becauſe *our father was an Amorite, our mother an Hittite*, And it is but a windy happineſſe that

that is ſought in titles taken upon others credit: yet it was happineſſe to me, that God wrap't me up in his Covenant, reſerved me for a time of truth; derived me of religious Parents, and made me a ſubject to vertuous and gracious Kings. Yet, this birth brought me into a world of miſeries, allowing no ceaſing from ſorrowes, *Ne natalem quidem excepit*, not my very birth-day was excepted. For crying was the firſt note of my being, *Calamitatis futuræ Propheta*, a Prophet of my own future calamity.

Here I dwell cottaged in a houſe of clay, whoſe foundation is duſt: but death brings me to an habitation made without hands, everlaſting in the Heavens. *Ad excelſa ſublatus inter felices currit animus, excipitque illum cœtus ſacer*; My ſoule lifted up to things on high, wandereth among the bleſſed Spirits; & that holy company receives her; where, for Love, I ſhall be a Son; for Birthright an Heire; for Dignity, a King. Here I have converſed, and had commerce with men, there I ſhall

shall have communion with Saints, fellowship with Angells; enjoy *visionem illam beatificam*, that blessed vision, the immediate fruition of God and Christ.

O happy and safe condition of Gods children, whom paine thus easeth, Death revives, dissolution unites, sin glorifies: for we know, saith Saint *Paul*, we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burthened, not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon; that mortality might be swallowed up of life.

Old father *Jacob*, when he was told of his son *Josephs* power in *Egypt*, was not satisfied to heare of his honours, but enquires of his life; Intimating, that life to come, is better than all the honours that are in *Egypt*, or fortunes that are on earth. Nor yet did *Josephs* life content him without his being with him: (For a good heart will be coutent to share with others in their miseries unbidden, but cannot endure to be happy alone) and therefore said, I will go see him, counting it better to behold with the

the eye, than to walk in desires; for indeed the best things that are pleasure us not in their being, but in our enjoying them.

The joy of Soul and Body at their meeting.

HAppinesse communicated, doubles it selfe: these two Cousins, Soul and Body, as *Mary* and *Elizabeth* will hasten to meet in the Hill-countrey. And what then shall be the joy, when soule and body separate for a season; (although in the *interim* the soule doth not wander and obambulate) shall meet again in joy, and mutually enjoy one the other? The soul saying to the body, Rise up, my love, my faire one, and come away; for lo, the Winter is past, the time of singing of birds is come.

The sense of this delight and contentment did well appeare in that meeting betwixt *Jacob* and *Joseph*, when mutuall losse and separation for a while did more endear each to other.

Interm'ssion

Intermiſſion of comfort hath this advantage, that it ſweetens our delight more in the return, than was abated in the forbearance.

And was *Jacob* glad to leave his Countrey, and the Land of Promiſe, to ſee his younger ſonne *Joſeph*, though in *Egypt*? What then ſhall be the ſoules joy, to end a pilgrimage in a ſtrange Land, and go to ſee her elder brother Chriſt in heaven? In this reſpect, *Cupio diſſolvi*, I deſire to depart, was Saint *Pauls* wiſh. For this tedious mortality, pleaſe it how man can, will grow intollerable, if death do not disburden it. Long living ſo loades us with ſin, as ſin it ſelf tires at laſt him that loved it beſt,

It is an Inmate that will rooſt with us as long as life affords it houſe-roome, nor will it lodge alone, but ſtill one ſin will bring in another.

But through death, the very body of death, and burthen of ſin are caſt out both together.

Sith then the life I now lead is beſet with death, tends to death, ends in death, I will no longer miſtake,

ſtake termes, calling that death which is life, that life which is death: *Hanc eſſe mortem, quam nos vitam putamus, Illam vitam, quam nos pro morte timemus*, ſaying, that is death which we eſteem life, and that life which we feare as death, but will hold with Saint *Auguſtine*.

Per vitam ad mortem tranſitus eſt: per mortem ad vitam reditus eſt, by life is a paſſage over to death, and by death a return to life.

Death the Regeneration of the Soule.

I Think the Pagans had ſome ſenſe of this, who did celebrate the day of their death with mirth, and the day of their birth with mourning. And the conceit of thoſe Philoſophers was divine, who held, that although the ſoule of man was then infuſed, when man was made, yet is it new-born when man dies. His body being the wombe, death the midwife, which delivers that

that to ſorrow, this to glory.

Return thou to thy reſt, O my ſoul, for God hath dealt bountifully with thee.

I can no otherwiſe joy in my birth, then did the Prophet *Jeremy*, who ſaid, *Let not the day wherein my mother bare me, be bleſſed.*

If we obſerve mans ingreſſe into the world, his progreſſe in it, his egreſſe out of it, we muſt needs wonder, and ſay with *David*, *Lord, what is man*: And yet he was a King that ſaid it.

Quis pavet? Quis flet? Quis eget? Quis errat? ſolus (heu ſortes!) homo. Sperat, optat, alget, voluit, explorat, quæritur. Malorum omnia plena.

Tell who are they that fear, and want, and groan,
And alwayes erre? Ah ſad fate!
Men alone:
Poor man hopes, wiſheth, ſtarves, turnes to and fro,
Seeks and yet wants; ſo full is all of wo!

But to aſſure there are joyes in death, what ſaith the Scripture to well-dying men?

Rejoyce, and lift up your heads, for now

now your Redemption draweth near. This body ſhall riſe a glorious body, be a ſpirituall body, not in ſubſtance, but in quality; like that body of the Son of God.

Unto you that fear God, ſaith the Prophet *Malachy*. *The Sun of Righteouſneſſe ſhall ariſe with healing in his wings.*

The

The third General Division.

III.

When death is to be prepared, for, and how.

The time when.

PLato, that *Deus Philosophiæ*, god of Philosophy, saith, There is *nulla salutaris Philosophia*, no safe Philosophy, but *perpetua mortis meditatio*, a perpetuall meditation of death. And *sine ista meditatione tranquillo esse animo nemo potest* without that meditation no man can enjoy a quiet mind. Dreadful death laughs at the vain conceits and precepts of humane tranquillity. It is, saith *Scipio*, the most honourable Philosophy, to study a mans mortality: *Mortis meditatio est vita sapientis* the

the life of a wiſe man is a meditation upon death; Politicks ſay, *Totâ vitâ diſcendum eſt vivere*, all our life we ſhould be learning to live. But ſaith *Seneca*, *Hoc magis miraberis*, *Totâ vitâ diſcendum eſt mori*, what thou wilt rather admire, all our life long we are to learn to die. The Divine ſaith beſt, *Cogita de fine infinito*, *& vives in infinitum*, think upon thy endleſſe end; and thou ſhalt live without end.

Fooles would fain do at laſt, that which wiſe men do at firſt, prepare for their end. Careleſſe men think the Signiory of time is at their command, to do what they liſt, when they liſt. Indeed youth and age are meaſured by government, not by time: Time it ſelfe is *menſura temporis*, the meaſure of time: but we muſt conſider, we have little power over the preſent, leſſe over the future. *Davids* example is worth the following, who cried, *Betimes, Lord, let me know mine end and the meaſure of my dayes, what it is, and how long I have to live. All the dayes of mine appointed time*, ſaith

Job, I will watch till my changing ſhall come.

Time it ſelfe, which covers all that's paſt, and diſcovers all that is to come, hath now had all his changes: Natures time is paſt. The Law which ſucceeded is aboliſhed. Now is the Goſpels time, after which there ſhall be no more changes.

Change (the great Maſter of the world) that hath this time for his Agent, abuſeth many with the hope of Time. It is true, There is nothing our own but time, which is a ſervant aquall to all, holds pace, and flies as faſt in idleneſſe as in buſineſſe:

So that though time well ſpent diminiſhes our time, yet when it is employed in timely preparation, it layes up time as treaſure for a future time: and this is rather a huſbanding then conſuming of time. *Diem perdidimus*, we have loſt a day, ſaid *Veſpaſian*. He lives in ſafety, that watches his time: but in reckoning of time moſt men miſ-caſt it, counting for firſt, that which is laſt, and that

that laſt which is firſt, beginning the account from the day of birth, whereas our deaths-day is our firſt-day; for the laſt of life, is the firſt-day to life, we then ceaſing to die, when we leave to live.

Solebat dicere Fabianus; In tria tempora vita dividitur, Quod eſt, Quod fuit, Quod futurum eſt: Ex his, quod agimus breve eſt: Quod acturi ſumus, dubium: Quod egimus, certum. *Fabianus* was uſed to ſay, that life is divided into three times: that is, that was, that ſhall be; of theſe, that which we have now is ſhort: that which we ſhall have is doubtful; That which we have paſt, is certain we are ſure of it.

Reckon firſt with time paſt, and you may make time to come certain, *Nondum venit hora*, the hour is not yet come, deceives many a man; but when the Sun comes to the Meridian, the year to the Solſtice, then look for a turning of thy dayes: impoſe an honeſt and happy neceſſity upon thy ſelf, and think of dying timely.

The Scepticks put a *fortaſſe*, a

peradventure, upon all things in the world. But ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*. There is no one thing in the world to be named, where this word *fortaſſe*, peradventure, had no place, except you ſpeak of death; *Hîc ſolum fortaſſe locum habere non poteſt*, in this caſe alone, peradventure can have no place.

It may be ſaid of death, as is of the Kingdom of Heaven, it comes not by obſervation. He lives not, that knowes where, when or how he ſhall die. Yet none lives, but knows he muſt die.

Mors omnibus finis, multis remedium, quibuſdam votum: de nullis melius merita, quàm quibus accidit, antequam vocaretur: Death is an end to all, a remedy to many, a wiſh to ſome, and deſerves better of none, then thoſe to whom it comes before it be called. Therefore, ſaid one, *Dementia eſt*, it is plain madneſſe, it is more then folly not to be prepared for death, *Sed ſi mortem venientem præmeditamur, tunc ſuperatur*, but if we premeditate of death as it comes on, we ſhall overcome

vercome it. The preparation for death, makes a fruition of life, *Nemo propter canos & rugas diu vixit*, no man can be ſaid to have lived a jot the longer, becauſe he hath gray haires and wrinckles; yet never man preſerved himſelf from dying, by forgetting death. *Gerſon* brings in an Engliſh man asking a French-man, *Quot annos habes?* How many years haſt thou lived: How many years are you? His anſwer was, *Aunos non habeo*, I cannot ſay that I have ſeen any yeares at all, I am of no years at all; but death hath forborn me theſe fifty years.

Look at Death thorow a perſpective, that ſo it may ſeem at hand, though it be far off; *Ante ſenectutem curandum bene vivere, in ſenectute bene mori*, Before old age we muſt take care to live well, and in old age to live well.

The very Heathens through Natures inſtinct, provided themſelves for death by ſacrifices to their gods.

Frange Toros, Pete vina, Roſas cape, Tangere nardos;

Ipſe jubet mortis te meminiſſe Deus.
Do! crack the beds, wine, roſes, perfumes breath,
Yet God commands thee to remember death.

A fair way of dying well.

SOlomon ſaying, that *the day of death was better then the day of birth*, inferred that there was a fair way of dying well, whereunto two things were moſt requiſite.

Firſt, a timely preparation before death was moſt requiſite.

Nam facilè ſuſtinet, qui expectat mortem, for he that expects death, will eaſily bear it.

That Oracle of Mortall men, wiſe *Seneca* was wont to ſay *Sæpe debemus mori, nec volumus; morimur, nec volumus*, it is our duty to die often, but we will not; and at laſt we die whether we will or no. We ought often to prepare for death, and will not; at leaſt we die indeed, and would not. *Cæſar Borgias* being ſick to death, ſaid, when I lived, I provided for every thing, but

but Death; now I muſt die, and am unprovided to die.

Previous prepation becomes a wiſe man; *Sed in hoc errore omnes verſamur, quod non putamus niſi ſenes ad mortem vergere; ſi citamur, nec ſenſu, nec ætate. Mors, quo facilius obrepat, ſub ipſo vitæ nomine latet.* But we are all deceived with this error, that we think none but old men approach to death: neither experince nor age can work upon us; and death that it may more eaſily ſurprize us, ſhrowds it ſelf under the very name of life. He that ſees the Baſilisk before he be ſeen of it, avoids the poiſon: See death before it comes, you ſhall not feel it when it comes.

Procraſtination is the great enemy to preparation. This *vox Corvina*, this crowes note, that alwayes cries, *Cras, cras*, to morrow, to-morrow, cozens many a man, making him *perdere hodiernum* to loſe to day, truſting upon to morrow; ſaith *Tibullus*, *Jam mala finiſſem letho, ſed credula vitam Spes alit, & melius cras fore, ſemper ait.*

I had long ſince by death diſpatch'd all ill,
But credulous hope promiſ'd life happier ſtill.

But truſt not to that, *Ille ſapit quiſquis, Poſthume, vixit heri.*

——Do not delay,
He Poſthumus, is wiſe, liv'd yeſterday.

We pray daily, Lord, Give us this day our daily bread, *Dum dicitur hodie*; whileſt it is called to day, we ſhould remember, Life is but a day, *Dies non ſæculum*, 'tis but a day, not an age. Wherefore ſaith *Solomon*, *Talk not of tomorrow, neſcit quid ſuperventura pariet dies*, for he knows not what to morrow will bring forth.

By deferring we preſume upon that we have not, and neglect that we have.

Quod in manu fortunæ poſitum eſt, diſponimus; quod in tua eſt dimittis: we diſpoſe of that which lies in fortunes hand, and neglect that which is in our own; which made the Heathen Poet, *divino furore inſtinctus*, ſtirr'd with a divine rage, uttet

hoc

hoc ſalutare carmen, this wholeſom verſe.

Optima quæque dies, miſeris mortalibus, ævi, Prima fugit,
The beſt and choiceſt part of our ſhort time,
Like diſtill'd liquors runs off in our prime.

Therefore, *noli tardare*, delay not to prepare for death, till the approaches of death; *Recordare noviſſimum, & non peribis in æternum*, Remember thy laſt end, and thou ſhalt not periſh for ever.

In evils to be prevented, delay is a kind of eaſe, not ſo in good things.

Do therefore the work of the day, *in die ſuo*, in its own day. No man can promiſe himſelfe a morrow.

Fleres, ſi ſcires unum tua tempora menſem:
Rides, cum non ſit forſitan una dies.
'Twould make thee weep, knew'ſt thou but one moneths ſtay:
And yet thou laugh'ſt when't may be not one day.

Every man hath his day, *Jeruſalem*

ſalem, haddeſt thou known this but in this thy day; thou wouldeſt not, &c. Eſt & dies hominis, & dies Domini, there is both mans day, and Gods day. When mans day is paſt, then Gods day comes, *Nam vita eſt niſi vigilia,* for life is nothing elſe but a watch. The Eve another day.

A man, ſaith *Luther,* lives fourty yeares before he knows himſelfe to be a foole; and by that time he ſees his folly, his life is finiſhed. So men die before they begin to live.

The caſe therefore of thoſe men is moſt unhappy, who after fourty or fifty yeares of daies, in their miſſpent time (for it was but *tempus* time, not *vita,* life) and now ready to die, are even then to learn how to die, when they are in the act of dying.

Quæ tam ſtulta mortalitatis oblivio, Inde velle vitam inchoare, quo pauci perduxerimus? What a ſilly forgetfulneſſe is it of mortality, to think of beginning life at that time, to which few have attained to live?

To die well is too buſie a work

to

to be done well, *ex tempore, of a ſudden.*

Deferring as well as preſuming, makes many men implicite Atheiſts.

It was a ſweet ſpeech, and might well have become an elder body, which a young innocent child of my own uſed in extremity of ſickneſſe, Mother, what ſhall I do? I ſhall die before I know what Death is. I beſeech you tell me what is Death, and how I ſhould die. Death is the known'ſt and unknown'ſt thing in the world. *Certè multum intereſt, peccare aliquis nolit, an neſcit*, without queſtion there is great difference whether a man be unwilling to ſin, or ignorant. But there is *nil miſerius morienti, quam neſcire mori*, nothing more miſerable for a dying man, than not to know how to die; nay, ſaith one, *Tolerabilius eſt non eſſe, quam neſcire mori*, 'tis more tolerable not to be, than to be ignorant how to die.

Sith then it is a thing as well naturall as neceſſary for a man to die,

die, it is no thankes to a man to pay that willingly, which he muſt do of neceſſity. But in paying of this debt, wiſdome counſels two things:

Firſt, to conſider the time when.

Secondly, the meanes, how.

For the time; Seek not Death in the errour of thy life. *Remember thy Creatour in the dayes of thy youth, while the evill dayes come not, nor the yeares approach, wherein thou ſhalt ſay, I have no pleaſure in you. Before the ſilver cord be looſed, the golden Ewer broken: Before the Almond-tree flouriſh, and the Graſhopper be a burden; Before the Keepers of the houſe ſhall tremble, the ſtrong men bow, the grinders ceaſe; they wax dark that look out of the windows, and the daughters of muſick be brought low.*

Old *Barzillai* being in this caſe, refuſed all the pleaſures of a Kings houſe, though he was kindly intreated by the King himſelf.

Age or ſickneſſe will make a man unapt, either to compoſe, or diſpoſe himſelf to death, *Tunc tibi tarda fluunt ingratàque tempora,*

our

our time flowes heavy then and ſoure. It is no fit time then to prepare to die, when it is a burden to live; So in the Law, God required the firſt-fruites, not the lees, for his portion. From the wombe of the morning thou haſt the dew of thy youth.

Old age it ſelf is a young death: Age doth ſolicite Death, Youth ſcornes it. Thy beſt health affords but time good enough for this buſineſſe. Therefore dedicate not all thy times to buſineſſe; for that as well as ſloth may rob thee of thy time. Some talents improve moſt by laying up.

Three ſignes of approaching death.

DO you deſire ſome ſignes of death, before you prepare your ſelf for death? *Tres ſunt mortis nuntii, caſus, infirmitas, ſenectus. Caſus dubia, infirmitas gravia, ſenectus certa denunciat. Caſus nuntiat mortem latentem, infirmitas apparentem, ſenectus præſentem*: There are three harbingers of death, chance, infirmity

infirmity, old age; chance threatens it doubtful, infirmity, troublesome, and old age certain, chance foretells an hidden death, infirmity an apparent, old age a present; Age and sickness summon men to their dissolution.

When *Ezechiah* had been sick unto death, he wrote thus, *In the cutting off my dayes, I shall go to the gates of the grave. I reckoned to the morning, I shall walk weakly all my years, in the bitterness of my soul.*

Thus it fareth with every man, in age or sickness, when a man begins to be sick, his senses are wholly busied about the disease. The Physician is then conferring with him of the state of his body: The Lawyer is then consulted with about thy worldly estate: The Minister touching thy soules health: Thy friends are then unwelcome; Strangers trouble thee; Visits offend thee; thy own servants cannot please thee: Other mens discourses tire thee; to speak thy selfe spends thee; and to be silent grieves thee; not to be told how thou

thou doeſt, vexes thee; to be told how ill thou art diſcomforts thee; but it moſt of all afflicts thee, to ſee thy wife and children (thoſe peeces of thy ſelf in another kind) weeping and lamenting by thee.

Thus miſerably we poor men at this time are diſtreſſed, and diſtracted, made unfit for any thing At the hour of deaths perturbations ariſing from the greatneſſe of griefes, and the neerneſſe of death, have great force to diſturbe the ſenſes, and will diſable the heart from lifting it ſelf up to God; for where dolours are, there will be our cogitations: every man in paine is prone to love his body better than his ſoule; therefore it is a madneſſe in a buſineſſe of the ſoul, to tarry and await for the worſt diſpoſition of the body. A lover of vertue, at the point of death, will ſecretly ſtudy how to avoid the paines of death, which at other times he deſpiſed. God knowes, a due preparatian for death requires all the faculties and ſtrength of a ſound perfect, and whole man.

Think

Think not to ſerve God with thy dotage, when thou haſt ſerved thy pleaſures with thy youth; God for his ſervice will have the young *Iſaac* of thine age. You ſhall not ſee my face, ſaith *Joſeph*, *except you bring your younger brother with you.*

Every man naturally; when he comes near the goale of death, even for ſome intrinſecall cauſe; though unknown to himſelfe, is then weary of himſelf, and entertaines life with a tedious diſlike. *Tunc injucunda eſt rei pœnitendæ recordatio*, then does the remembrance of that, which we muſt repent afterwards, grow unpleaſant, diſtaſting every thing, neglecting every thought of all humane affaires.

Nec juveni luſus qui placuere juvant.
Thoſe ſports which youth did pleaſe.
To old age grow diſeaſe.

In the ſtraits of death then he prayes, God deliver me, then he thinks, O how I am ſtraitened till it be accompliſhed! *Abyſſus abyſſum invocat*, depth calleth upon depth;

depth; ſad words, breathing ſorrowes.

But this ſhould have been done, when ſtrength of underſtanding ſerved; *Nam ſerum eſt tunc vivere incipere, cum deſinendum. O Anima peccatrix! O Tepida & negligens, quæ dum in vivis fuiſti*, for it is too late to begin to live then, when we are to give over. O ſinfull ſoul! O cold and negligent wretch, who whileſt thou waſt among the living never look't to heaven, *quid ages*, what wilt thou do when thou art to depart, *è corpore tantopere amato*, from the body ſo exceſſively beloved? Then to ſee thy ſelf beſieged, *hinc doloribus, illinc anguſtiis mortis*, on one hand with diſeaſe, on the other with ſtraits of death; the worm of conſcience gnawing, evil ſpirits tempting to deſpairs, thine own thoughts caſting up thy ſins. *Quid facies anima miſerabilis? Quò te vertes? comparere erit intolerabile, latere impoſſible*, oh miſerable ſoul, what wilt thou do? which way wilt thou be able to turn thy ſelf? it will be intolerable for thee to appear,

pear,& impoſſible to lie hid. Therefore be wiſe, and defer not thy repentance to this time; for at this time theſe perturbations and confuſions will make thee unfit, *cogitare de ſalute*, to think upon thy ſalvation. Saint *Auguſtine* ſayes well, *Nemo poteſt malè mori qui bene vixit, & bene mori qui malè vixerit.* No man can die amiſſe that hath lived well, nor die happily that hath lived wickedly; therefore, *ut tutius poſſis vivere, & mori ſecuriùs* that thou mayeſt live more ſafely, and die more conſtantly; Repent betimes.

The little Bee, ſo ſoon as flowers ſpring, goes abroad, views the gay Diapery, and the adverſity of the flowery fields, ſucks the ſweeteſt of them, fraights her thighes, makes a curious combe, and ſo betimes hoards up Honey in Summer againſt the Winter.

Mors hyems eſt; orate ne fiat fuga veſtra hyeme: death is that Winter, pray that your flight be not in the Winter. Why is the Winter harder to the Graſhopper then to the Ant?

Ant? Prudencie in one, and impudencie in the other differs them. To a wiſe heart, expectation of the event is a great advantage.

Think not thou the Winter of thine age, a time fit enough for this work. *Manna* muſt be gathered in the morning, the orient pearle is generated of the morning dew.

It is too late, when time is paſt, before you begin. Happy is the man, who improves the dayes of his youth to the prevention of evil: previſion is the beſt prevention. It is ſaid of Father *Jacob*, who was a great Traveller, that before he died, *Pedes ſuos ad ſe collegit*; *Sic tu animi pedes*: he plucked up his feet to him, ſo do thou the feet of thy ſoul. Thoſe cogitations and affections, *quibus vivens totum orbem peragrâſti*, on which whileſt thou livedſt thou diddeſt wander over all the world; Gather them up, and then repoſe to reſt. Begin not then to turne to God, when thou canſt not turn thee in thy bed. None can be good too early.

early. Christ in all his Examples meant our Instructions; he went up to the Temple in his Nonage: The four Ages of men are resembled to the four vigils of the night; *Prima pueritiam; Secunda adolescentiam; Tertia virilem; Quarta senectutem adumbrat*: The first signifies childhood, the second youth, third manhood, the fourth old age. The first and last are sleepy ages: the other are the vigorous times. Therefore *paret se homo, præcingat se secunda, & tertia*: let a man prepare himself, and make himself ready in the second & third watch. These are the watches Christ mentions for his coming: *Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when he cometh shall find so doing*: But if that servant say in his heart, My Lord delayes his coming; the Lord of that servant will come in a day when he looks not for him.

Repentance when to be practised.

REpentance also in the time of sickness is commonly as sick as the party, yielding then, when it cannot

cannot reſiſt, and then preparing and repenting, when all other helps and hopes fail.

Eloquent death, *in die ſuo*, in his day will tell thee, the happineſſe of timely repentance; an houre here may obtain a pardon, which all eternity cannot get hereafter.

Truſt not long life, nor late repentance, One ſaith well, Play not the Courtier with your ſoul. The Courtier doth all things late, riſes late, dines late, ſups late, repents late.

Sera pœnitentia rarò vera: Late repentance is ſeldom true.

The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning.

The end of time affords little time, *Omnis motus naturalis velocior eſt in fine:* all natural motion is more ſwift towards the end. Holy *Job* tells us, *If thy bones be full of the ſin of thy youth, they will lie down with thee in the duſt. Sed moriantur ante mortem vitia, & ad judicium non ſequantur:* but let thy ſinnes die before death, and not follow thee to judgement. When death hath folded up thy dayes, all opportunity is paſt.

past. The cock crowed; but that *Gallicinium*, cock-crowing, so shrill a voice could not awake thee. Therefore *Cygnicinium*, Swans-song, that dolefull musick must end the Scene.

Do therefore by thy conscience, as men deal with their Stewards call it to account *ante mortem*, *& audies mortem dicentem*, *Non possis velicare amplius*, before death, and thou shalt hear death saying, Thou shalt be no longer Steward: Ply time while you have it, *Mercatum hanc vitam puta*, *sed nec nundinæ post vitam*, *nec quæstus loci*, Imagine thy life to be a market, & that there is neither traffick, nor gain to be made after it.

In a long mis-led life we amasse many sins; it will ask great labour to quit them. Great labour and little time suit not. Therefore work while it is day: *The night cometh when no man can work.* Watch and pray, *Sit oratio clavis diei*, *& sera noctis*, Let prayer be the key of the day, and the lock of the night: *Repent and be converted*, saith S. *Peter*, *that your sins may be blotted out when the time of refreshing shall come. Few and evil*

are

are the days of the longeſt-lived man; Yet to every man there is a *Triduum*, a ſpace of three dayes lent, but ſleep not, *uſque Quatriduum*, until the fourth day, leſt it be ſaid, *He hath lien four dayes in the grave*: *Jam fœtat*, and now ſtinketh.

One obſerveth, that God reſtored life to three men; to one in his bed, to another on the bier, to the third in the grave.

They that conceive ſin in their hearts, are like to him that was dead in his bed. They that bring it forth to action, are like him that was brought forth dead on his bier; But they that defer and continue in ſin, are like him that was four dayes dead and ſtank in his grave. The Primitive Church called them *Clinici Chriſtiani*, bedrid Chriſtians; Bedrid Chriſtians that prepared not for death, but upon their deaths-bed.

There is no ſafety in procraſtinating; therefore flatter not thy ſelf by the theefes example, who repented, but in *illa hora*, that hour. That is not put for imitation, but to keep from deſperation.

It

It is a ſtrang thing to ſee that old men, will not ſee death, though it be before their faces; nor young men though it ſtand at their backs. The old gray-headed man to ſeeme young, had coloured his haire black, but the devil told him he would not be ſo cozened.

Non omnes fallis, ſcit te Proſerpina canum, Thou canſt not, fool, deceive all eyes; death ſees thee gray, through thy diſguiſe.

If man marks things well, *Mundus ipſe ſeneſcit*, The world it ſelfe grows old.

The common faſhion is to put men in minde of their death, when we doubt they cannot live: Till the Phyſician finde ſome ill ſymptomes, the patient may not be diſheartned with the name of death.

Zenas the Lawyer, and *Luke* the Phyſician muſt have given us over, before we will ſeud for *Barnabas* the ſon of conſolation: *Ubi deſinit medicus, incipit Dominus*, when the Phyſician gives over, God begins, ſay moſt men. But at this time draw not the curtaine before the ſick, but let him

him ſee his ſinnes; for he is the good Phyſitian of my ſoule that tells me of death when he ſees me live in ſin. But the beſt phyſick the patient liketh worſt.

There is not any man ſo wicked, who with his good will would die, in his ſin; yet moſt men ſo live, as if they believed permiſſion were the Article of their faith all their life long, and the Article of remiſſion of ſins were reſerved till the point of death. No man that truly repents is refuſed at any time, but many a one ſins ſo long that he cannot repent.

Terrible will death be, when the dying man with grief for opportunity loſt, will repent that ever he lived, and would count it happineſſe enough to die, ſo he might then ceaſe to be. But that will not be, *Quia mors eſt ſine morte, ſemper vivit, ſemper occidit, ſed nunquam præoccidit*, Becauſe death is without death, alwaies lives, and alwaies killeth, but never kills outright. Death hath no death.

That which ends all is without all

end. Remember the foolish Virgins: it will be too late to prepare oile, when the bridegroom is coming, the warning is given, *Be ye ready for the Son of man comes at an houre. Non dicit annum, aut mensem, cum ne securis per horam constet,* he sayes not an year, nor a moneth, because even they that are secure are not certain of an houre. He saith, *Ecce venio sicut fur,* Lo, I come as a theif; that is, when you sleep best, and think least of him: *Dum nec mortem irruentem, nec Judicem venientem, nec supplicium horrendum vidimus,* When you neither see death rushing on, nor the Judg approaching, nor the horrour of punishment. In hell men sleep not, because here they slept where they should have watched.

Settlement in Religion, is the best preparative for Death.

NOw as it is wisdome to be prepared for death; so if you will die with peace of conscience, and without trouble of mind, be well resolved in point of Religion before you

yon die: play not the hypocrite, nor the politick, who cares not what religion be, so some be; whole rule is *Religio ad morem, non ad rem pertinet*, Religion is matter of custome rather than of consequence.

It is true that honest men must have somewhat of the Serpent, not all of the Dove. For policy and Religion do as well together, as they do ill asunder. Religion without policy is too simple to be safe: Policy without Religion is too subtil to be good. Worse than both is prophane Neutrality, or *Laodicean* coldnesse. Never any man was a loser by believing: for faith is ever recompenced with glory; while thou livedst, it was not amisse to make doubts; for it shews wit to move a question well, and it shews judgement to resolve well, Some questions argue rather faith then doubt. In multitude of opinions there is but one truth, and amongst sundry truths there is but one necessary to salvation. But in points of difference distinguish; for in reconcileable differences, nothing is more safe than indifferency: But

in main oppositions be not neuter: for it is a lesse eye-sore to God to go upright in a wrong way, then to halt in a right way.

Though you move doubts, yet dwell not in doubt. For you shall finde it a fearfull thing to die in doubt; and the comfortablest thing under heaven, to be well assured, and cleerly resolved in the truth of your faith before you die.

Some love to see the object of their faith, and so are led to idolatry; Others to co-operate in the work of their salvation, and so give part to merit: *Nil tibi tribuas*, ascribe nothing to thy self, is safest. There's danger in ascribing too little to grace, for that robs God of honour. But if we ascribe too little to our selves, there is no danger on that side.

When this is done, then be of good cheere, for thou shalt hear Christ (the life of thy hope here, and hope of thy life hereafter) say unto thy sick-soul, as he said unto the sinful woman, *Go in peace, thy faith hath saved thee, enter thou into thy Masters joy.* And

And let all conceited humaniſts remember what their maſter *Ariſtotle* ſaid when he died: *Anxius vixi, dubius morior: O Ens entium, miſerere mei*, I lived uncertaine, I die doubtful: O thou being of beings have mercy upon me.

Sed parum prodeſt amodo miſerere mei, but to ſay then, have mercy Lord will be found but a bootleſſe word.

Now of the way to die well.

HE that would end his dayes well, muſt ſpend them well: *Non eſt res magna vivere: Hoc omnes faciunt: ſed pauci bene moriuntur*: 'Tis no great matter to live; all do as much: but few die well. *Et illi Mors gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur ſibi*, But death falls ſad and heavy upon ſuch, are little known at home, abroad too much. Man is ready to die before he lives; but therefore liveth a time in the world, that he may die betimes to the world. *His years come to an end as a tale that is told*; his daies deceive him, for they paſſe as

a ſhadow by Moonſhine, then appearing longeſt, when they draw neareſt to an end.

Things give counſel unto men, better then men do to the things. Here we dwell but in tents; and Tents, we know, are ſet up to be taken down again ſhortly.

We that live here, live by death; for had not Chriſt died, we had not lived; he died for ſin, we live in ſin. Therefore with S. *Paul* I will ſay; *My life is not dear unto me, ſo as I may finiſh my courſe with joy.*

Do you deſire to live a long time? The Son of *Sirach* ſaith, *A man that is made perfect, in a ſhort time fulfils a long time. Et vita ipſa, ſi ſcias uti, longa eſt*, and this ſhort life if thou haſt learned to uſe it well, is made long. The *Spaniard* ſaith, *Vir bonus bis vivit*, A good man lives twice.

Ampliat ætatis ſpatium ſibi vir bonus; hoc eſt, vivere bis, vita poſſe priore frui, All vertuous men make lifes ſhort inch an ell, This is to live double to imploy life well. He lives twice that beſtowes the forepart of his life well.

Vincere

Vincere scis Hannibal, uti victoria nescis, O *Hannibal* thou knowst how to get a victory, but not how to use it.

Alexander had a good account of his age, reckoning by victories, not by days; So should good men count their daies by the good they do, or the sin they conquer in that day.

Numbring of daies, saith S. *Augustine*, is not *numerus dierum quis sit*, how much is the number of thy daies, but *qui sit*, of what sort, that's the golden number.

Tres sunt dies hominum, saith Saint *Hierome*, *dies conversionis*, *dies conversationis*, *dies resurrectionis*, Man hath three daies, the day of his conversion, of his conversation, and of his resurrection. And thus doth one day certifie another.

Time lent us flies away in the time that is lent us, every moment coming, being the death of that is past: Therefore weigh well every least moment; for it is of so great moment, as that upon it depends eternity of time to come, that eternity which is not bounded within

the Kalender of time; After a hundred thousand yeares eternity is still as long as it was.

THe Art of dying well is better learnt by practice, then by precept.

Unto dying well three things are most requisite:

1. First, to be often meditating upon death.
2. Secondly, to be dying daily.
3. Thirdly, to die by little and little.

The first step of dying well.

OFten meditation of death brings a man to die in ease; for it alleviates pains, expels feares, eases cares, cures sins, corrects death it self. The very thought of eternity will pleasant and make easie all things we suffer in a miserable life.

Quomodo non morimur, cum vivitur mortuis? How can we be said not to die, when we live among the dead? We live with so many deaths about us, as we cannot but often think of dying. Every

Every humour in us engenders diſeaſes enough to kil us, ſo that our bodies are but living graves; and we die, not becauſe we are ſick, but becauſe we live. And when we recover from ſickneſſe we eſcape not ſickneſſe, but the diſeaſe: All this life is but a death of an houre.

Do as the Preacher counſels; What thou haſt to do that do quickly; For in the grave, whither thou goeſt, there is neither work, nor diſcourſe, nor travel, nor wiſdom, nor converſation, nor fruition of any thing; all is entombed in ſadneſſe, darkneſſe overſhadowing it.

Play then the wiſe mans part; Meaſure not life, *ſpatio, ſed actu*, by the extent, but imployment. Life is ordained for action, not for fruition. If thou haſt any good to do for the Church, the Common-wealth, or thy friends, *fac cito*, do it quickly: for though he be happieſt that can enjoy a little with the peace of an honeſt heart; yet if thou haſt much goods laid up in ſtore, make thee friends with thy Mammon: *nam bona tua ſunt bona, ſi tu ſis bonus*, for thy

goods are then truely good, if thou beeſt good. Though ſecurity reſts in a mean eſtate, yet there is pleaſure in abundance; & for a ſpirituall end, temporal bleſſings may be deſired. *Abraham* was rich in great meaſure; but rich in faith above meaſure. But ſing not a *requiem* to thy ſoul; nor ſay vainly. *Vivamus dum vivimus, fors fortuna, ut volet, ordinet*, Let us live merily as long as we live, and let fortune diſpoſe all at a venture as ſhe pleaſeth: for ſo doth a mind uncertain of ſucceſſe relieve it ſelf with poſſibility: *ſed ſi cor tuum non eſſet fatuum, non crederes fatuum*: but if thy hart were not fooliſh, thou wouldſt not believe a fool. Wiſdom is fortunes miſtreſſe; wait on her, and remember, *Hac nocte*, this night, the day of vanity being paſt the night of judgement comes: when both light and delight go out together.

Excellently doth the Book of Wiſdome deſcry the thoughts of a vaine voluptuous man, one that thinks himſelf *Deus terræ*, the God of the earth, when he is but *terreus Deus*, an earthly God. This man reaſoning

soning with himself, but not aright, saith, Our life is short and tedious, against death there is no remedy, from the grave there is no returning; we are born at all adventures, and hereafter shall be as if we had never been: Our breath is smoak, a little spark in our hearts, which being extinct, our body turns to ashes; and our spirit vanishes like soft air. Come on therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are present, let us fill our selves with costly wine and ointments: let no flowre of the spring passe by us: Let us crown our selves with rose-buds, leave tokens of our jollity; for this is our portion, and our lot: let our strength be the law of justice: for that which is feeble is nothing worth.

The righteous man is not for our turn, he is alwayes contrary to our doings, he upbraideth us with the law, objects to our infamy the transgression of our education. He was made to reprove us: He is therefore grievous to us, his life is not like other mens, his ways are of another fashion.

Such

Such things these vain men have imagined, but they are deceived: when they cast up the account of their own sins, they shall come with fear, and say with sorrow, This was he whom we had sometimes in derision, and made a proverb of reproach. We fooles accounted his life madnesse, and his end to be without honour.

But how is he now numbred amongst the happy, and his lot amongst the Saints? what hath pride profited us, or what hath riches with our vauntings brought us? All these are passed away like a shadow, and as a Post that runneth by. This verifies that saying, *Breve est quod delectat, sed æternum quod cruciat*, that which is delightful, is but short; but that which shall torment, is eternal.

In vain doth man strive to have that which he cannot enjoy, or to enjoy much by meer relation. The rich man hath not so much advantage of the poor by enjoying, as the poor hath of the rich by leaving.

Sadly and suddenly shalt thou find all worldly pleasures turned into walking dreams. *Dormi-*

Dormierunt somnum suum, & nihil invenerunt omnes viri divitiarum, They have slept their sleep, and all the men of riches have found nothing, saith the Psalmist. *Psal.* 76.5. Notwithstanding man while he lives, fancies many things and covet without end; but all to no end. *Et quæ parâsti, cujus erunt?* and whose shall those things be which thou hast gotten? Either they passe from you, or you from them. *Non est nostrum, quod non est semper nostrum*, this is not ours, which is not alwaies ours: but these things, *Si non habent finem suum, habebunt finem tuum*, if they have not an end of their own, yet they will have thy end. All the towers in the aire that thou hast built, *uno ictu prosternentur*, shall be thrown down at one blow. Ere long two ells of earth shall serve, whom scarce a world could satisfie.

Privacy

Privacy with death, a ſovereign cordial againſt DEATH.

THerefore be acquainted with death betimes, for through acquaintance death will loſe his horrour; like unto an ill face, though it be as formidable as a monſter, yet often viewing will make it familiar, and free it from diſtaſte: walk every day with *Joſeph* a turn or two in thy garden with death, and thou ſhalt be well acquainted with the face of death, but ſhalt never feele the ſting of death; death is black, but comely. *Philoſtrates* lived ſeven years in his Tombe, that he might be acquainted with it againſt his bones came to lie in it.

Some Philoſophers have been ſo rapt in this contemplation of death and immortality, that they diſcourſe ſo familiarly and pleaſingly of it, as if a fair death were to be preferred before a pleaſant life.

This

This is well for natures part; and Moraliſts think this enough for their part to conceive ſo: But Chriſtians muſt go further, and ſearch deeper: They muſt try where the power of death lies, They ſhall finde that the power of every mans death lies in his own ſins.

That death never hurts a man, but with his own weapons: It alwayes turns upon us ſome ſinne it findes in us. *The ſting of death is ſin:* Pluck out the ſting, death cannot hurt us. The way to die well is to die often. Let a man often and ſeriouſly think of dying, then let him ſin if he can, ſaid *Picus Mirandula*. And herein is our happineſſe; though we live in ſin, yet we die without ſin; Therefore to me death is welcome, not as an end of troubles, but of ſin.

The ſecond Step.

THe ſecond Step to dying well, is to die daily.

Morior ne moriar, I die that I may not die, I die daily, ſaith Saint *Paul*. *Singulos dies, ſingulas vitas puta; qui enim*

enim omnes dies tantam vitam ordinat, craſtinum nec optat, nec timet, So many dayes as thou liveſt, reckon ſo many lives; for he that diſpoſeth all his dayes as one life, can neither wiſh, nor fear to morrow.

The old ſaying is a good one, Do that every day which thou wouldeſt do the ſame day that thou dieſt. *Bonum eſt conſumere vitam ante mortem*, 'Tis an excellent thing to make all we can of life before death: But moſt men *de vita exeunt, antequam de morte cogitant*, go out of life before they think of death. Let be done willingly, what we muſt do neceſſarily, and what we can do but once, let that be done well: Yield that readily as a gift, which you muſt pay, as a debt at laſt. Did men think that death were only an end of life, and no more: every man for his own ends would be a diſturber of the worlds peace while he lived, and make his own peace but juſt when he died.

He that dies daily, ſeldom dies dejectedly; *facilè contemnit mortem, qui ſe quotidè morituram putat*, he does

does easily despise death who remembers himself to be mortal every day: likewise, he that will live when he dies, must die while he lives. For if he die not to sinne while he lives, his sinne will live in him when he is dead,

The widow that lives in pleasure (saith Saint *Paul*) *is dead while she lives.* Live holily, and you shall die happily: Live as though there were no Gospel, but die as though there were no Law. *Studeto talem esse in vitâ, qualem velis reperiri in morte,* strive to be such in thy life, as thou wouldest desire to be at death.

Two sorts of death whereto every man living is subject.

A Living man is subject to a double death: The one natural, the other spiritual. Natural death doth but separate the body from the soul: But spirituall death separates the soul from God. Of all other, it is the most desperate state of life to live naturally, and to be dead spiritualy: *Thou hast a name to live,*

but

but thou art dead, said S. *John* of the Church of *Sardis*. But of the Prodigall child returned from his evill waies, it is said, *This my son was dead, but is now alive.*

In *Sardis* there grew an herb called *Appium Sardis*, that would make a man lie laughing when he was deadly sick: Such is the operation of sin. Beware therefore of this *Risus Sardonicus*, laughter of *Sardis*.

We count it a fearful thing for a man to be authour of his own death but a sinful life slays the soul, and so while we live we kill or lose our better life. The Commandment that saies, *Thou shalt not kill*, specially forbids the murthering of our owne soules.

Certainly that which deprives us of our better life, makes of all other the worst death.

It is therefore holy wisdom for a man to let his sinnes die before him *Moriantur ante te vitia*, Let thy vices die before thee, they actually, thou virtually: that so when thou art to die indeed, thou have nothing else to do, but die.

Mortem

Mortem horres amaram, ſubitam, turbulentam: vis placidam, piam, quietam? in tua eſt poteſtate, qualem vis efficere, Thou art afraid of a bitter, ſudden, troubleſome death, wouldeſt thou have it delightful, and holy, & quiet? it is in thine own power to make it ſuch as thou wouldſt have it.

If Riches, Honours, Pleaſures, have taken thee, leave them ere they leave thee; and ſay unto them, as *Job* ſaid to his friends, *Miſerable comforters are you all.*

Turba ejicitur, ut puella excitetur, the company is put forth that this maid may be raiſed, ſaith St. *Mark.* Thy Soule lies as that Damoſel in trances of death, while ſhe is in the chambers of pleaſure, and is not raiſed to life; *Antequam turba curarum & deliciarum mundanarum ejicitur,* until that troop of worldly cares and pleaſures be thruſt out.

There is nothing wherein wiſdom is more ſeen, than in the temperate uſe of pleaſures and proſperity; (which are but falſe notes of truth)

nor

nor is there a truer argument of folly then vainneſſe and exceſſe.

P.o. 17.14. *Oculi ſtultorum ſemper in finibus terræ*, The eyes of fools are alwayes in the ends of the earth, but trail not after them.

Mats.6. 34. *Sufficit diei dolor ſui*, ſufficient for the day is the ſorrow thereof: A dayes ſickneſſe will make us ſenſible of lifes grief: yet if life do delight thee (becauſe *Ironies* do deny ſtrongeſt in affirming) *utere & fruere*, uſe it, enjoy it. But take my counſel, keep life in exerciſe of ſome calling. For you ſhall finde that exerciſe is no more wholeſome for the body then the ſoule; *Non eſt res delicata vivere*, 'tis no delicate matter to live; we muſt labour in ſome calling, wherefore to ſee well-born men to deſpiſe honeſt callings, as now a dayes they do, is a pride without wit. And though pride and idleneſſe have at this day baniſhed thrifty diligence out of great mens houſes, yet we ſee gallant *Abſalom* was a great Sheep-maſter: *Uzziah* the potent King of *Judah* had not been ſo great a King,

King, had he not been so great a husband: Good examples to teach us, That the fortunes of great men, and the bravery of Courtiers, must be built upon the grounds of Frugality; Frugality and Humility are thriving vertues: Were a calling but to keep a man from idlenesse, it were a goodnesse: for the industrious man is seldom at leisure to sinne; whereas the idle man hath neither leisure nor power to avoid sin. Industry in any calling makes a man capable of better employment, whereas Idlers are fit for nothing but temptations.

Time spent in hollow visits, *id est*, Courtings, Fantastick dressings, Lawlesse disports, all turn to losse.

But however thou entertainest life, use it as a traveller doth his Inne, for a night and away: *Heri appulisti, Cras decedes*: yesterday thou arrivedst at it, to morrow thou art to depart. And in thy journey follow not the common track: *Nam ad Deum faciens iter, per trita si itur, longius abitur*: For he

he that goes to God, if he go the common rode, goes a great way about. But do as a doubtfull Pilgrim, ask questions of every one you meet, to set you on your way, lest, as St. *Paul* saith, *A promise being made us of entring into rest, we come short of it.* Herein be as great a questionist, as were those religious Ladies of *Rome*, who never let S. *Hierome* rest for questions, which was the readiest way to heaven; The world is full of questions, but the best question in the world is that of the young man in the Gospel; *Good Master, what shall I do that I may have eternal life?* Some mens questions are instructions, and are meant to teach rather than to learn. Yet in any case be none of those Querists, who must have a reason for every thing in Religion, who think to come to God by cunning, and by reason, not by faith. As if none but good wits could ever come to God. But this is true, Humane reason well improved makes us the more capable of Divine. Therefore it is an ignorant conceit

ceive it, that skill should make men *Atheists*, when we find it in the Gospel, that no men were so apt to see the Star of Christ, as those wise men, the disciples of Philosophy.

Be dying daily, and you shall soon come to God. If a man would compare the foornoon of his age with the afternoon, and observe how long the one is, and how short the other is, every man would be dying daily, and loath to lose a day.

Palmares posuisti dies meos, thou hast made my dayes as an handbreadth: according to *Davids* measure life is a Span; the longest liver hath but a handfull of daies, and life it selfe like a circle, alwaies begins where it ends. Ps. 39. 5.

Erat, quando non erat; fuerit. It was when it was not, but it shall be.

Time was, when man was not: but how late a beginning soever man had, yet after death he shall be sure never to see end; therefore remember the Christian motto, *Annos aeternos semper in mente habe*, have in thy thoughts alwaies the years of eternity.

With

With the *Ancient of dayes* there are no dayes; And the time shall be when time shall be no more. *Supra est quod supereſt*, that which is over and above is onely above.

Two common Errours.

THere are two common errours which deceive moſt men.

Firſt, that a man enters not into eternal life till he dies; whereas his calling here begins his life eternal. *This day is ſalvation come unto thy houſe*, ſaid Chriſt to *Zaccheus*, when he called him from the Tree.

Faith prevents time, and makes things future, preſent.

A pious man ſo lives here, as if his converſation were in heaven, carrying himſelf not only honeſtly, civilly and humanely, but beyond natural comportment: his preſent life ſeems ſuperhumane, divine and ſpiritual; and ſo by leading a life heavenly, begins heaven here. *Bleſſed is he*, ſaith Saint *John*; *that hath his part in the firſt Reſurrection, for the ſecond death ſhall have no power over him.*

The

The ſecond errour is, however a man lives, yet if at laſt he ſeem to die well, then all is well, and his ſoule is ſure to be ſaved: this is a bold and a dangerous conceit; for though Miſery be the object of Mercy, and Hope the miſerable mans God, yet humane life, as it hath not a greater friend, ſo many times not a greater foe then Hope. *Dilatio boni habet rationem mali*, the delay of good is a certain kinde of evil; ſuſpended hope is but a ſad comfort.

Yet many would die, did not hope ſuſtain them: but more have died flattered with vain hope.

Not every one that ſaith, Lord, Lord, ſhall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Enter into the firſt degree of life eternal here, or thou muſt die eternally, with *Lord have mercy upon us*, in thy mouth.

Wherefore I deſire to have my part here in the firſt Reſurrection, which is from ſin to Grace: that ſo I may enjoy the ſecond Reſurrection, which is from duſt to Glory.

Psal. 22. 5. *Thou hast brought me,* saith *David, out of the dust of death.*

To die by little and little, the third step.

THe third step to dying well, is to die by little and little. Naturally we are every day dying by degrees: the faculties of our minds, the strength of our bodies, our common senses are every day decaying *paulatim*, by little and little: every sin is more then a disease, and a wicked life makes a continual death, *Impiè vivere est diu mori*, to live wickedly is to be long a dying; Therefore saith the good man, *To-to die mortificamur*, we are killed all the day long.

He that useth this course every day to die by little and little, to him let Death come when it will, it can neither be terrible nor sudden.

If we keep a Courser to run a Race, we lead him daily ore the place to acquaint him by degrees with all things in the way, that when he comes upon his speed, he do not start or turn aside for any thing

thing he ſees. So let us inure our ſouls, and then *we ſhall run with boldneſſe the race that is ſet before us.*

To die by little and little, is firſt to mortifie our leſſer ſins, and not to ſay with *Lot, Is it not a little one?*

We may not waſh our hands of crying, and from bloody ſins, and hug in our boſomes beloved and Herodian ſins, ſins of higher tincture; *Hoc eſt tolerare, non tollere peccata*, this is to beare with, not to bear away ſin. Saint *Auguſtine* ſaves finely, *Delicta dilecta ſunt relinquenda*, delinquencies delighted in are to be forſaken. Men commonly diſcard thoſe ſins they can beſt ſpare, but retain thoſe they love beſt; and by changing them into better terms, would turn them from being ſins; as pride, that diſcontented ſin, muſt be counted State; Vanity, Civility; Diſſimulation, Courtſhip; Anger, Courage; Wantoniſing a trick of youth; Swearing, *Genus quoddam ſermonis, non peccati*; a certain kinde of diſcourſe rather then of ſin; but take heed, ſpecially of theſe ſins, that make a vertue

a ſin, and ſin to ſeem a vertue.

Multa enim vitia ſe virtutes eſſe mentiuntur, for many vices counterfeit themſelves to be vertue. A man, ſaith *Plato*, may do ill; but to diſguiſe it, or defend it, is to outface Truth. Sins property is to work upon ſome vice, but to be proud in that you are not proud, is a *Phœnix* pride. So to be drunk for company is a ſin worſe then ſi', for other ſins move not ſhame, but hide it; this diſplayes it. Therefore forced healths at great Feaſts is a barbarous faſhion: At *Aſſuerus* feaſt every mans rule was his own choice, and the civility of very Pagans commanded liberty of their cups.

It is hard to commit a ſingle ſin, yet of ſinners, if either party be wiſe, both may eſcape.

They cannot want retentives from ſin, that live either amongſt friends or enemies; for friends may not be grieved; enemies may not be provoked.

Be wiſe therefore in good fellowſhip; no man is ſo wicked as to be

be addicted to all kinde of vices; for betwixt some vices there is an antipathy, nor is any man so lewd as not to be sometimes in good moods, and dislike some sins; the world were not to live in, if all sins were affected by all men: But certainly great sins will never be conquered, if little sins be cherished: formal penitents will easily part with so much of their sin, as may abate nothing of their profit.

There be also a sort of little deaths, as sicknesse of body, losse of friends, and the like. Use these in their kinde, and you may make them kindly helps to dying well.

Modest beginnings have hopefull proceedings, and happy endings; proceed therefore by degrees: the Prophet *David* went, *suspenso gradu*, step by step, and so *compassed Gods Altar*; God himself made nothing absolute at first. This great God loves to have degrees kept.

Degreeingly to grow to greatnesse is the course of the world.

Wherefore they say in Court, He is out of the danger of folly, whom

a ſpeedy advancement leaves wiſe.

Omnis mutatio eſt quædam mortis imitatio, every change is a certain imitation of death. Let a man go out as he came into the world, which was, firſt by a life of *Vegetation*, then of *Senſe*, afterwards of *Reaſon*.

David preſcribes us this order, when he ſayes, *Doce me, & duce me, Domine*, O Lord, teach me and guide me. He will not run, till he be taught to go.

Pſal. 31.3. *Teach me to do thy Will, and lead me, O Lord, into the Land.*

What land is that? There is *terra quam terimus*, Land on earth, which by labour yields us all pleaſure: that's not it.

There is *terra quam gerimus*, refined earth, beautified bodies which we bear about us; nor is this it.

There is *terra quam quærimus*, the glorious Land of Promiſe, that's the Land we ſeek, Into this Land, *Duce me, Domine*, O Lord, lead me.

For

For the manner of dying.

AMongſt men it is a matter of chief mark, the manner of a mans death. *Summum hominis bonum, bonus ex hac vita exitus*, the chief good of man is his good departure out of this life.

Before you die ſet your houſe in order: He that hath not a houſe yet hath a ſoule: no ſoule can want affairs to ſet in order, for this finall diſſolution.

The chief grace of the Theatre is the laſt Scene. It is the Evening that crowns the day, and we think it no good ſign of a fair morrow, when the Sun ſets in a cloud *Finis coronat opus*, the end crowns every work. Yet I perſwade my ſelf, that night cannot but be happy, whoſe day hath been holy.

David in a deep Contemplation upon the manner of mans dying, ingeminates the word, ſaying, *Domine, Domine, exitus Mortis, O Lord, Lord, the iſſues of death belong to thee.* Pſal. 68. 20.

Live religiouſly, and thou ſhalt die comfortably.

All men, as men die naturally: as Chriſtians ſhould die religiouſly. The good man can equally live or die; for he knows if he live, God will protect him; if he die, God will receive him.

Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a Crown of Life, ſaith *Chriſt.*

Moſt men wiſh a ſhort Death, becauſe Death is alwaies accompanied with paine. *Morimur gementes,* we die groaning. To lie but an hour under death is tedious, but to be dying a whole day we think beyond the ſtrength of humane patience: He that deſires to be diſſolved and be with Chriſt, dies not patiently, but lives patiently, and dies delightfully. Happy he that after due preparation, dies ere he be aware; So is he happy that by long ſickneſſe ſees Death afar off; for the one dies like *Elias,* the other like *Eliſha,* both bleſſedly.

The beſt poſture to be found in when Death comes, is in the exer-

ciſe

cise of our calling: *Presse*, saith Saint *Paul*, *towards the mark for the prize of the high calling*.

When thou art heavy unto death, then shew a lively Faith, for at that time a stupid patience is worse than passion.

When thou art speechlesse, use that *Silentium loquens*, speaking silence, tears from thy heart, *Tacuit Petrus*, *sed flevit*, *Peter* was silent, but he wept, and it was counted to him for eloquence; *Nam affectum prodidit*, for it discovered his affection; a teare is but a dissolved pearle, a pearle but a condensed teare; At this time turn words into teares, and they will turn pearls. He that made the mouth is not taken with words.

A broken and a contrite heart, O Lord thou wilt not despise.

When thou art dying, lie sorrowing for thy sins, yet not despairing; for there is joy in grief, where the sorrow is for sins; *I am the man*, saith *Jeremie*, *that have seen sorrowes*: But this *dolor peccati*, grief for sin, makes *gaudium doloris*, a joy in

sorrow. *There is more joy in Heaven for one sinner that repenteth, then, &c.*

Before thou dieſt vow thy ſoul to God, *nam qui jubet ut voveas, juvat ut reddas*, for he that commands thee to vow, will help thee to pay. Offer ſacrifice upon the Altar of thy heart; If thou haſt not a Lamb, that is, meekneſſe; or a Bullock, that is, bountifulneſſe; yet a pigion, that is, well-wiſhing; or a pair of turtles, that is, *gemitus*, a groan; a ſound of ſorrow that thou haſt no better. As God loves not empty hands, ſo he meaſures fulneſſe by the affection.

Thoſe that have moſt ſtudied men and ſtories, do obſerve that the greateſt men and beſt wits, when once they came to finde their own mortality, do then with ſtrongeſt reſolution quit the world, apply wholly to devotion, and ſo end their dayes with moſt quietneſſe in peace.

A good man, by his good will, would die praying; and do as the Pilgrim doth, go on in his way ſinging, and ſo addes the pain of ſing-

ing

ing to that of going; Yet by this ſurplus of pain unwearies himſelf of pain.

But ſome wretches think God rather curious, then they faulty, if a few ſighs, with a [Lord have mercy upon us] be not enough at the laſt gaſpe.

Weakneſſe muſt not argue, but yield; God hath ſaid it, and they ſhall finde it.

Not every one that ſaith, Lord, Lord, ſhall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doth the Will of my Father which is in Heaven.

Commonly good men are beſt at laſt, even when they are dying: for they ſeldom die of a ſin-ſickneſſe.

The ſickneſſe of the ſoul hath this advantage of the bodies ſickneſſe; it never languiſhes under the Phyſicians hand; when it ſeems at worſt, then it is beſt; no ſooner ſaith *David*, I *am ſick*; but *Nathan* tells him, Thou art well: no ſooner ſayes, *I have ſinned and muſt die*, but the Prophet tells him, *The Lord hath put away thy ſin, thou ſhalt not die.*

die. Thus doth repentance make pardon coetaneous with the fault.

But it is juſt with God, that they who live without repentance ſhould die without comfort. Wo is him, whoſe bed is made in hell! Know this and beleeve it, all our happineſſe here is holineſſe, and holineſſe hereafter ſhall be our happineſſe.

There is no ſpectacle in the world ſo profitable, or more terrible, then to behold a dying man, to ſtand by, and ſee a man diſmanned. Curiouſly didſt thou make man *in the loweſt part of the earth*, ſaith *David*: but to ſee thoſe elements which compounded, made the body, to ſee them divided, and the man diſſolved, is a ruſull ſight. So dependent is the life of man, that it cannot want one element; fire and air, theſe flie upward; water and earth, theſe ſink downward; ſo living man becomes a dead carcaſe, *The breath of man goeth out, he turns again to earth, and then all his thoughts periſh.* And what is man but for his thoughts?

Every dying man carries heaven and

and earth wrapt up in his bosom, and at this time each part returns homeward.

Seneca thought a man might choose his own death, which was some ease to him. *Quemadmodum navim eligam navigaturus, & domum habitaturus, Ita mortem, utiq; quâ sum exiturus è vita.* As being to sail I may be allowed to choose my ship, and to dwell in any place, my house; so it is as meet that I choose that kinde of death, by which I shall depart from this life. But better saith another, *Stultè hæc cogitantur: vitam aliis approbare quisquam debet, mortem verò sibi*, these things are foolishly cared for; every man ought to approve his life to others, but his death to himself alone.

But since it is so great a matter to die, so necessary to die well, so dangerous to die ill, let your life be an acting of death. That life is well adventured, where it is a gain to lose it.

Certainly death hath great dependency on the course of mans life, and life it self is as frail as the body which it animates. *Au-*

Auguſtus Cæſar bonam mortem putabat celerem, & inſperatam, quæ nullâ ægritudine pulſaret fores, Auguſtus Cæſar accounted this to be the beſt death which is quick and unexpected, and that beats not at our doors by any painful ſickneſs. So often as he heard of a man that had a quick paſſage, with little ſenſe or pain, he wiſhed for himſelf that *Euthanaſie*: While he lived he uſed to ſet himſelf between his two friends, *Suſpiria & Lachrymæ*; groans and teares; when he died he called for his looking-glaſſe, commanded to have his hair and beard kembed, *Et malas labentes corrigi*, his riveled cheeks ſmoothed up: Then asking his friends if he had acted his part well, *Cùm ita reſponderint, Vos omnes igitur, inquit, plaudite*, when they answered, Yes, why then, ſays he, do you not all clap your hands for me.

Alexander the great did ask the *Indian* Philoſopher how long a man ſhould live, ſaith he, Until he think it better to die then live; but Saint *Paul* is our beſt pattern, who being

weary,

weary of the world, desiring to be dissolved, cried out, (*voce tamen desiderantis, non desperantis*, as one desiring rather then despairing,) *O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death!*

There be many that choose rather to die quickly, then to live long sickly: *Vitam desiderant non longam, sed lætam*; they desire not a long life, but a merry; yet better were it for them, *aliquando ægrotare*, to be sick sometimes, then *continuè valere*, to be always in health. For *vitiosa sanitas*, a wicked health will make them thank Nature and forget God.

Some on the other side will invite Death to do them the kindnesse to take them soon out of the world, counting a short death the happiest passage of a mans life; yet a little while, and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry. If life come once to be a displeasure, then death comes to do us a pleasure: and for this (saith *Tully*) a man is most beholding to Nature: *Quòd unum introitum ad vitam dedit,*

dit, exitus verò multos, because she gave only one entrance to life, but many ways to go out: *Sed non sic itur ad astra*, but this is not the way to heaven. Christians know better ways, as how to live in grace, that they may die in peace; *In pace ad pacem*, in peace into peace: and to whom this grace is given, for them glory is reserved.

O, saith a good man, how safe is the condition of Gods children, whom very pain easeth, death revives, sin glorifies!

Yet there is not the strongest body, nor holiest Saint on earth, but at point of death, is subject to some trepidations and qualms of fear. For the soul which comes into the body without any sensible pleasure, goes not out of the body without the sense of pain. And it troubles many a good soul to see men of the best lives, to have distempered and perplexed ends. Some raving, some despairing, some dying suddenly, and seldom any have so bitter draughts, as those whom God loves best.

Natural

Natural diſtempers.

IT is fit therefore to take notice of the natural cauſes. Deſpair in dying, may as well ariſe from weakneſſe of nature, as from trouble of minde: but by neither of theſe can he be prejudiced that hath lived well.

Mark the righteous, and behold the perfect, for the end of that man is peace: His body may be ſick, but his minde is ſound: for *God maketh all his bed in his ſickneſſe*, and in the inſtant of a ſharp ſeparation his ſoul finds it ſelf happy, for he knows, *Si duriùs ſeponitur meliùs reponitur*, though it be put off painfully, yet is it laid up joyfully.

Raving, and other ſtrange paſſions, are many times rather the effect of the diſeaſe, then moving from the minde. For upon Deaths approaches, choler fuming to the brain will cauſe diſtempers in the moſt patient ſoul. In theſe caſes the faireſt and trueſt judgement to be made is, that ſins of ſickneſſe,

occa-

occasioned by violence of disease in a patient man, are but sin of infirmity, and not to be taken as ill signs or presages; *Filius tantarum lachrymarum*, a son of so many tears, cannot but be saved, said the good Matron, when she saw her son at worst: I will not despair in respect of that mans impatient dying, whom the worm of conscience had not devoured living.

Seldom any enter into glory with ease: Yet the Jews say of *Moses*, his soul was sucked out of his mouth with a kisse: some have their passion in death, that is bitter, because it is inward: some before death, that is better, because it is outward.

David in this case, the better to make his way, prayed and cried, *Lord, spare me a little. O spare me, that I may recover my strength before I go hence and be no more.*

Indeed to *Ezechias* some years of days were lent; but we are not worthy of that favour; we must not expect that God will bring back the shadow of degrees when once it is gone

gone down in the dial of *Ahaz*; we must time it as we may, and be content to live and die at uncertainties.

Therefore as a sick man hearkens to the clock, so let us watch death. For sudden coming of death, finding a weak soul unprepared, makes it desperate, and leaves it miserable.

What death is to be accounted sudden.

SUdden death of it self is not therefore evil, because it is sudden, but because it may take us away suddenly, our souls unprepared. The good man never dies unprepared, because his perseverance in goodnesse is a providence against sudden death.

To a man well prepared, sudden death is but a quicker passage, and is not to be accounted a sudden death, but a sudden departure, because it came not unlook't for.

Though the righteous be prevented by Death (saith the Book of Wisdom) yet shall he be at rest, because he hath made his peace before-

fore-hand. His departure is no misery, for his hope is full of eternity. *Ezechiel* the Prophet (so often stiled *Sonne of man*) to him God says, *I take away from thee the delight of thine eyes,* (which was his wife) *with a stroak suddenly*, and *yet thou shalt not weep.*

Let not present pleasures of life allure, nor cares thereof possesse thee, then cannot sudden death surprize thee.

Improvisa nulli Mors, cui provida Vita; death can no man snap unawares, whose life is full of holy cares. But if a man do not prepare to die, he may live seven years in a consumption, and yet die a sudden death. For any time is sudden to him that is unprepared.

They take their mark amisse, who judge a man by his outward behaviour in his death: If you know the goodnesse of a mans life, mis-judge him not by any strangenesse of his death.

Though other men can best judge of our actions, yet a mans heart can best judge of himself.

When

When a man comes to be judged, his life, and not the manner of his death, shall give the evidence with or against him. Many that live wickedly, would seem to die holily, more for fear to be damned in the opinion of people, then for any love to goodnesse. To these men there is *malum triplex quod manet in septima*, a threefold evil which remains to the last; Which is *Horror in exitu, Dolor in transitu, Pudor in conspectu Dei*, fear in their departure, grief in their passage, shame when they come into the sight of God. If my life please God, I am sure my death shall pleasure me. Christ never leaves any of his at parting. *Elsha* would not leave *Elijah*, though he put him off twice, because he knew there was a blessing to come when they parted. It is a great happinesse to die in ease. That mans end is easie, whom death findes with a weak body, and a strong soul. *Quis tàm facilè, quando vult, dormit*, who doth so easily sleep when he pleaseth, as he that lays down his life in peace? The aire is commonly calm mest at noon. *Ar-*

Ariſtotle gives the reaſon, *Quia tunc vincit aut vincitur*, becauſe then it either conquers or is conquered, So is it with the ſoule of man at the point of death.

Yet a good man doth not alwaies die in exerciſe of his goodneſſe, but as a wiſe man when he ſleeps, loſeth not his knowledge, no more doth a good man his graces, though he die in diſtemper; for habitudes of goodneſſe do not then leave him, though they cannot then do their office for him.

But the vulgar opinion, if a man die quietly, and go away like a Lambe, (which in conſumptions and dull diſeaſes moſt men do) then ſure he goes to Heaven; but if he be diſtempered, and of frantick behaviour, (which happens to many through extreme inflammations) then ſure he goes to hell. This is a judgement from Nature, and not of Religion, and in this caſe truſt not naturall judgement, for it is arted with ſubtilties of Phyſick: Man works by likely meanes, God many times by contraries.

He

He that can ſhut his eyes every night with a quiet conſcience, ſhall meet with leaſt diſturbances when Death ſhall cloſe his eyes at laſt; nor will he care who ſhuts up his earthen eyes, when Death it ſelfe opens his ſoules eies. Then ſhall we ſee more with theſe ſhut eyes, then ever we could do open-eyed: Saint *Paul* was therefore ſtricken blind, that the eyes of his ſpirit might be opened.

Serenity, joy and peace in a dying man, is a hopeful behaviour: Yet we ſee the clear ſtarres that are ſo delightfull to behold, bring forth their rayes by ſparklings and dartings, as though they were delivered of their light by travell and hard aſſayes; So good men in their death have great variety of accidents, many languors, many agonies, many iterated endeavours, travelling of Death, as in a Child-birth, ſorrowes, torments, pains, being then deaths Agents; But if the paſſages of the ſoule lie open to God, without interpoſition of worldly cares, then it peaceably makes egreſſe

greſſe with a ſweetneſſe, and that without diſturbance.

Natural cauſes will have their operations, but it is the God of Nature that commands them, it is his property ſometimes to work ſupernaturally by Nature. Diſpute not with God; give Nature leave to cavil, and we cannot be good Chriſtians.

But truſt to this: Beleeve aright, and live as you believe, and you cannot but die in ſafety. If you would end life quietly, render it up willingly.

Let no contentments of the world ſo fix you to the world, as to deſire longer life; Prolongation is no pleaſure, but ſo long as it goes well with us, *Sapè in hoc eſſe, Benè, non diu*, to be often in this is good, but not to be long. Shortneſſe of life is no unhappineſſe, *Citiùs mori vel tardiùs, ad rem non ſpectat; bene mori aut malè, ad rem ſpectat*, it is nothing to the purpoſe whether we die ſoon or late; but whether we die well or ill.

The Book of Wiſdom ſaith. *He*

was

was ſoon taken away, leſt it ſhould alter his underſtanding, or deceit beguile his ſoul.

In principio mundi, cum homines viverent in majori ſimplicitate, Deus dedit eis longam vitam, poſtquam creſcebat hominis malitia et temporis abuſus, tunc abbreviavit Deus eorum dies: In the beginning of the world, when men lived in greateſt innocency, God gave them longer life; but after, when the ſin of man and the abuſe of time increaſed, then God ſhortened their daies.

Had preſent death been evill, or long life good, *Cain* had been ſlain, and *Abel* had ſurvived: but death commonly begins firſt, where God loves beſt: *His ſoul*,, ſaith the ſon of *Syrach, pleaſed God, therefore haſted he to take him away.*

Seldome is excellency in any kind long-lived; we ſee the beſt men live not longeſt: and indeed it were injurious to wiſh that goodneſſe ſhould hinder any one from happineſſe.

The beſt cannot be happy, but by diſſolution, their dying being but a

change, going from evil to good, hopes putting in them such a new life, as they care not to change the old.

The lives of all creatures else are lost to us, ours but changed to God, If the wicked man live long, it is but to aggravate his judgement; if he die soon, it is but to hasten it.

One man seems to die casually, another violently, both by destiny, all men by decree.

Et quem dederat cursum natura peregi, said the Poet.

And that course which Nature gave,
Finished, as I might, I have.

But the Divine tells us, that *vitæ præsentis finem talem esse decet, quale futuræ este principium*, that the end of our present life ought to be such, as we desire the beginning of our future life: Nor is the place material where we die, so we die well.

Moses died upon one hill, *Aaron* upon another hill, but both where they might see the Land of Promise; *Felix conspectus*, an happy view.

Be as ready to die as *Moses* was, when there was no more between God

God and him but *Moſes*, *Go up and die.* With ſuch a ſociable compellation are good men invited unto death, as to a feaſt.

Nec mihi Mors gravis eſt, poſituro morte labores.

Death cannot chooſe but pleaſe
Them, whoſe griefs by dying ceaſe:

——— *Mors mihi merces erit.*

Death ſhall be gain to me.
All motions tend to reſt.

Return then to thy Reſt, O my ſoul for God hath dealt bountifully with thee.

Aſſurance of life after death.

Wake and ſing, ſaith the Prophet *Eſay*, *ye that dwell in duſt, for thy dew is the dew of herbs, and the earth ſhall caſt out her dead. Thy dead men ſhall live, with my body ſhall they riſe.*

For reall aſſurance both to our bodies and our ſouls, there are three bodily inhabitants already gone to heaven:

Enoch before the Law, *Eliah* under the Law, Chriſt under the Gol-

ſpel; yet for further aſſurance, *Ipſe dixit*, Chriſt himſelf hath ſaid it, *Becauſe I live, ye ſhall live alſo. I am the Reſurrection and the life. Qui credit in me, etiamſi mortuus fuerit, vivet*: He that believeth in me, though he die, yet ſhall he live. Although my fleſh be eaten with wormes, theſe wormes turned to duſt, blown thorow the earth, yet after thou haſt turned all to deſtruction, again thou ſayeſt, *Come again ye children of men.* Therefore, *O Death, where is thy ſting? O grave, where is thy victory?* ſaith St. *Paul.*

Hitherto ſhalt thou come, ſaid *Job*, but no further: here ſhall thy proud waves be ſtayed: *Mors uſque ad corpus ſolum pertinget, ultra non progredietur*, death ſhall only reach to the body, but ſhall proceed no further. It ſtands not with Divinity, nor is it conſonant to Reaſon, that man, for whom all things ſpring, ſhould not have his Spring, and riſe again. I ſee wormes and flies, and other creatures that ſpend the Winter-ſeaſon in a kind of Death, revive in the Spring: I ſee my

my ſelf dead every night, and alive in the morning; doubt not therefore of this article of belief, of all moſt comfortable; I know whom I have truſted, ſaith Saint *Paul*, and I am aſſured he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him againſt that day. *And they ſhall be mine*, ſaith God by the Prophet *Malachi*; *in that day when I make up my Jewels.*

Reſurgam, I ſhall riſe again, ſaid good Biſhop *King*. *It is now time to awake, for now is our ſalvation nearer then when we believed*; nor will I fear how this body of mine ſhall appear another day. For I am promiſed by him that will perform, it ſhall not be found naked; but this covering of the fleſh being caſt off, it ſhall be clothed with glory as with another garment. The children of the Reſurrection die no more, for they are equal to the Angels. If thy life be hid with Chriſt in God, then when Chriſt which is thy life ſhall appear, thou ſhalt appear in glory.

The word of aſſurance is, *Redemp-*

tor meus, my Redeemer, my Father, and your Father, ſaith the Goſpel: there is great divinity in theſe pronouns, *meum & tuum,* mine and thine, they are words of aſſurance to mens ſoules, though in mens ſtates they are the ground of all controverſies. *I know that my Redeemer lives,* but I do not therefore know this, becauſe I will know it: for the will cannot invade the underſtanding. How then do I know it? not by opinion, but by faith; *Fides non creditur, ſed cernitur,* faith is not believed, but perceived. Things are not ſo, becauſe we are perſwaded they are ſo; but becauſe they be ſo, therefore we are ſo perſwaded. The woman with childe, knows ſhe is ſo, when ſhe feeles it ſtirre lively: So the Spirit of God aſſures our ſpirit, when we lively feel his Spirit in us.

Holy *Job* ſaith, *Though after the skin, wormes deſtroy the bodies, yet in my fleſh I ſhall ſee God for my ſelfe: and mine own eyes ſhall behold him; and not anothers.*

Which numeral Identity gives certainty, that this ſoul of mine imperſonated

perſonated anew, and ſo inanimating my body again, ſhall give a new being, and a better being unto both.

That ſoule, the loſt pearle, which to finde a man would have given all he had, ſhall there be found engraven in a body of gold; whereas here it was poorly ſet in clay. He which came with his garments red from *Bozra*, will cloath us in white.

It doth not yet appear what we ſhall be, but we know that when Chriſt ſhall appear, we ſhall be like him, for we ſhall ſee him as he is, ſaith Saint *John*. *Come then ye bleſſed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you*; and, *Fear not, little flock, for it is your Fathers pleaſure to give you the Kingdom. Tarry but a little while*, ſaith Saint *Paul*, *and he that ſhall come, will come, and will not tarry.*

A man, ſaith *Chryſoſtome*, would dwell in this Contemplation, and be loath to come out of it. Nay, ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*, *A man might age himſelf in it, and ſooner grow old than weary.*

The fourth general diviſion.

IV.

What our laſt thoughts ſhould be.

Seneca ſaith, the laſt day judgeth all the precedent, *Ultimum optimum*, the laſt is the beſt; Dying words are weightieſt, and make deepeſt impreſſions: yet our laſt thonghts are readieſt to ſpend themſelves upon ſomewhat that we loved beſt while we lived. *Jezabel* at laſt was more taken up with ſeeming fair than being happy. *Et tunc quoque verſus ad illam*: and then even when ready to die, ſhe was buſied about it, becauſe ſhe loved her face more than her ſoul.

The ſoule it ſelfe, when it is entring into glory, breathes divine things: At this time a good mans tongue is in his breaſt, not in his mouth; his words are then ſo pithy and ſo pectoral.

Anatomiſts do ſay, there are ſtrings

ſtrings in a mans tongue, which go to his heart; when theſe break, man ſpeaks his heart. *Utinam ſaperent & intelligerent, & noviſſima providerent* ſaid *Moſes*: Oh that they were wiſe, and would underſtand, and foreſee their latter end, when he was dying. Chriſts laſt words in the Bible are, *Surely I come quickly*; Our anſwer is, Amen: Even ſo come, Lord Jeſus, &c.

As in geeateſt extremities good Phyſicians leave drugs, and miniſter only Cordials: ſo deale by thy ſoul when death approaches; Lay thee down and ſleep in peace, caſt away all worldly cares, entertain only thoughts that will animate thy weak body, and refreſh thy thirſty ſoul, as did that *dew of Hermon*, falling upon the *Hill of Sion*. When ſickneſſe undreſſes man for death, then *Jobs Scio*, I know, and Saint *Pauls Cupio*, I deſire, are the words of ſweeteſt comfort.

Man, ſaith *Jeremy*, puts his mouth at laſt to the duſt, if ſo be there may be hope. But rely not longer on the Phyſician; Earthly means were for

uſe, they are not for confidence. God cannot be God, if Nature limit him. Happy is the man whoſe laſt day is his beſt day.

All the while I lived, ſaid a good man, I was going on my journey, *in via*, in my way, but not *in patria*, in my countrey; but now that I am dying, I finde my ſelfe near home, I am come to mount *Sion*, I will not therefore ſit down on this ſide *Jordan*, but haſten to the heavenly *Jeruſalem*; whither when I come, I ſhall there ſee my God face to face, hear my Saviour ſay, *Euge bone ſerve, Well done good ſervant, It is my Fathers will to give thee a Kingdome.*

Is it not enough that my Saviour is gone up to prepare a place for me, but will he give me a Kingdome? and ſhall not I be glad, when God ſhall come and fetch me, to enthrone me in this Kingdome? *Abſit*, God forbid: If Chriſt be gone up to prepare a place for me, Lord, let me be prepared for that place; bleſſed eternity, where art thou? I am ſeeking for thee, and I ſee thee coming towards

towards me. Now me thinks I hear my ſoul ſay, *Cur non accedis, Domine? Quid moraris?* O Lord, why art thou ſo far off, why tarrieſt thou?

I have too long dwelt in this Sepulchre of earth; *Væ mihi, quia prolongatus eſt incolatus meus in terra!* Wo is me, that my pilgrimage is ſo prolonged on earth! wo is me that I ſtill remain in *Meſech*, and dwell in the tents of *Kedar*! It is enough Lord, as *Elias* ſaid in the wilderneſſe; Take now away my life, for I am no better than my Fathers were. My ſoul thirſteth for thee: When ſhall I come and appear before thee? Nay, my ſoul is now grown ſo high-minded, that ſhe ſaith, *Major ſum, & ad majora genitus, quam ut mancipium ſim hujus corporis*: I am of more worth, and borne to more worthy things, then to be the ſlave of my own body. Man is not quiet, till he be more than man: let his condition here civilly be what it will, it will not content him. Bare Philoſophy made ſuch impreſſion in *Socrates*, that *in carcere damnatus egit cum diſcipulis de*

de corpore, tanquam de alio ergaſtulo, lying condemned in priſon, he diſcourſed to his ſcholars concerning the body, as concerning another priſon; counting the body to be a worſe priſon to the ſoul, than that priſon was to him.

Plato when he ſaw one over-indulgent to his body by high feeding it, asked what he meant, to make his priſon ſo ſtrong? When you pamper the fleſh, you do but victual the enemy.

The body at beſt is but the living Coffin of the ſoul, as the grave is the dead Coffin of the body.

Thus doth Divine Contemplation make us high in thoughts, rich in expectation; Therefore it is but the duty of man to know the dignity of his ſoul, which is ſo heavenly ambitious, as it will not let heaven alone, till it may ſee, as it is ſeen.

Gravata eſt anima mea, my ſoul is oppreſſed, my body is a burden to my ſoul, It hath had honour enough to have been ſo long companion with it: wherefore now, as Saint *Hierome* ſaith, *Egredere anima, egredere*

egredere, Go forth, my ſoul, go forth. What doſt thou longer here on earth, O thou my Heaven-born Soule?

The Hermite ſitting on his turfe, ſaid to his ſoule, *Sexaginta annos ſerviviſti Deo, & nunc mori times?* Thou haſt ſerved God theſe ſixty yeares, and art thou now afraid to die? Go out of this Ark of fleſh, O my ſoul, for I now ſmell the ſavour of reſt; *Celeritas nunc in deſiderio mora eſt*, haſt it ſelfe is ſlow unto deſire. As Chriſt ſaid to his Diſciples, *Surgite, eamus hinc*, Let us ariſe and go hence: So ſay I to thy ſoul, *Surge anima de mundo, eamus in cœlum*, Ariſe, my ſoul, from the world, let us go up to heaven.

Though my ſoul, as a Bird, for neceſſity ſake hath been faine to ſtay a while here upon earth, yet willingly would it be ſoaring in the sky; but I find that, *Iſta vita eſt mihi impedimento ad id, propter quod vivitur*, this life is an hindrance to that for whoſe ſake we live: Specially when I hear my Saviour ſay, *Father, I will that thoſe whom thou haſt given me*,

me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory. *Sybilla* before Christ; and *Plato* likewise, do both agree that the union of mans soule with God, is that true felicity which all Philosophy aimes at. Therefore *Desiderio desideravi ergastuli hujus egressum*, I have earnestly desired my dismission from this prison, that I may see *facie ad faciem*, face to face, him whom my soule loveth, and be, Lord, where thou enjoyest thy self, and glorified spirits enjoy thee.

Ostende mihi patrem & sufficit, Shew me the Father, and it sufficeth. Surely saith Saint *Augustine* in his Meditations; *Domine, creasti nos ob te; nusquam erit cor quietum donec pervenerit ad te:* O Lord, thou hast made us for thy selfe, and our hearts can never be quiet until they come unto thee. *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord*, saith St. *John*; *Yea*, saith the *Spirit*, *they rest from their labours, and their works follow them.* O thou source of the Springs of Lebanus, my soule now thirsteth to be with thee; In the twilight, betwixt the day of life, and night of death.

Entertain

Entertain thy laſt hour with ſuch-like thoughts, *Et hæ tibi dabunt ad æternitatem iter, & in itinere ſublevabunt*, and they will prepare thy journey to eternity, and help thee in thy journey. They will angelize thy body, and emparadiſe thy ſoul, before thou comeſt into Heaven; yield a ſweetneſſe beyond the bitterneſſe of death.

Certainly, a good Soul thus imploying it ſelf *in iſtâ horâ*, in that hour will not leave the felicity it ſhall have in ſuch an aſſured tranſmigration from death to life, for all the joys that life paſt did ever render it.

Good Saint *Auguſtine*, in a high ſpeculation, endeavouring to expreſſe this heavenly joy, was asked by a grave old man, Father *Auguſtine*, *Quid agis*? What art thou about to do? A man may as well draw in all the air in the world with a breath, as expreſſe to the life what thou art now about; not that there is want of words, but want in words to expreſſe it.

As griefs concealed, ſo joys expreſſed grow greater; wherefore though this

this ineffable joy cannot be expreſt? *Quantus vel qualis ſit*, how much, or how great it is, yet it is, *Res generoſa conari alta, mente majora concipere, quàm quæ effici poſſunt*, a generous thing to attempt at the higheſt, and aim at greater things in our ſouls, then we are able to perform.

Therefore this we may do, ſome way ſample that which no way we can expreſſe, *In arduis voluiſſe ſat eſt*, In high things but to will is held enough; in ſome things good purpoſes ſupply actions.

Like as a bird that hath been long encaged, then chants it moſt merrily, when ſhe gets looſe into the open air. *Nititur in ſylvas quæque redire ſuas.*

And every one of that wing'd race
Strives for the wood, their native place.

Or as a ſick man that hath wearily toſſed and turned himſelf in his bed all the dull night long, is then comforted at the approach of the day-break, when the Sun-beams gild the morning:

Or as a priſoner that feels his chains heavy upon him, longs for releaſement. *Libe-*

Liberâque à ferris crura futura velit:
And his weary limbs would fain
Deliver from the iron chain.

So will it be with thy ſoul, when thou ſhalt hear thy Saviour ſay, *I am thy ſalvation: Come unto me thou that art weary, and heavy laden and I will refreſh thee.*

Pœnitentibus & petentibus pertinet Regnum Cœlorum, The Kingdom of Heaven belongs to Penitents and Petitioners: To them that are weary of this durance, and ſue for deliverance, belongeth the Kingdom of Heaven.

Wherefore as a wearied traveller that hath paſſed a long journey, though perhaps met with ſome delights by the way, is then gladdeſt when he comes within kenning of his Countrey;

Natale ſolum dulcedine cunctos ducit.
The native ſoil invites
All with its ſweet delights.

Even ſo thy ſoul after many years pilgrimage in the wilderneſſe of this wretched world, being come with *Moſes to* Mount Nebo, and beholding the pleaſant land of *Canaan*, from

from the top of *Pisgah*, will then laugh for joy, as doth the Horizon to see the Sun coming, *as a Bridegroom out of his chamber.*

Dilectus meus descendit ad hortum suum, ad areolam aromatum, My Beloved went down to his garden, to the bed of spices.

O this joy thy dazeled eyes might have some glimps, while thou wast in health; but then it was, as the blind mans vision in the Gospel, to whose first sight men seemed to walk like trees; but in this thy new state thou shalt see clearly men and Angels stand before the Lambes Throne, and hear thy self invited to the Lambs Supper, where *thou shalt be brought into the Wine-cellar, and love will be the banner over thee.* It is the best eloquence to speak to God in the same language he speaks to us.

Come then, O Shulamite, stay me with Flaggons, and comfort me with Apples, for I am sick of love: Kisse me with the kisses of thy mouth, for thy love is better then wine; Shew me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou liest at noon.

Thus

Thus with *Solomon* in a Canticle, and with *David* in a Palm, let be the Raptures of thy ſoul, which a-in a trance ſhall be caught up to heaven, as was *Philip* by the Spirit, or *Ezechiel* by the Angel.

And with an heroicall alacrity, tempered with a gracious humili-ty; give up thy ſoul to God, and bid farewell to the world.

Sing with *Deborah*, *O my ſoul, thou haſt marched valiantly*; and ſay with *David*, *Return now, my ſoul, unto thy reſt, for the Lord hath re-warded thee.*

Dying St. *Stephen*, before his eyes were cloſed, had a facial ſight of his Saviour, *Videbat Deum per eſſentiam, looked ſtedfaſtly into the heaven, and ſaw the Glory of God, and Jeſus ſtand-ing at the right hand of God.* Old *Si-meon* after he had ſeen his Saviour, rejoyced then to ſay, *Lord, now letteſt thou thy ſervant depart in peace, for mine eyes have ſeen thy ſalvation.*

Hoc videam, & moriar; *Morior ut videam*: Let me ſee this and die? And till then I die, I die.

THE

THE RAPTURE OF THE SOULE

Rapitur anima, cum cœlestia contemplatur, & contemplando jucundatur: The soul is ravished when she contemplates heavenly things, and is delighted with that Contemplation.

This is a kinde of Arreption to Heaven; when a man abstracts himself from earth, and by Contemplation grows into acquaintance with GOD; for then he seems to converse with God, and become *divinæ particeps naturæ*, a partaker of the divine nature, then he sends forth strong emanations of divine love.

Those

Those *affectiones extatica*, extatick affections, are the signals *Amoris liquidi*, of a melting love: *liquescit anima, cùm devotione calescit*, the soul melteth when she is warmed by devotion. Such love suffers not me to be a lover of my self; *Et quid istos nisi Seraphim dixerim, quorum cor conversum est in ignem divini amoris?* and what shall I call them but Seraphims, whose hearts are turned into flames of divine love? *Let him kisse me with the kisses of his mouth*, so begins that *Canticum canticorum; & jucundum quidem eloquium, quod ab osculo sumit principium*, Song of Songs, and 'tis truly a sweet language, which beginneth with kisses. This *fruitivus amor*, enjoying love, by divine rapture unites me to God: for in rapture a man seems to walk with God, as *Enoch* did; talk with God, as *Moses* did; see God, as *Stephen* did.

And because sight increases delight; therefore rapture would fain ascend to vision; *Videre illa, non quæ videntur, sed quæ non videntur*, to see those things, not which

are

are ſeen, but which are not ſeen.

But thats a priviledge for Saint *Paul*, *Vidi Dominum*, ſaith *Jacob*, *facie ad faciem, & ſalva facta eſt anima mea.* I ſaw the Lord face to face, and my ſoul was delivered. Holy *Hierome* ſweares it *Teſtor Deum, poſt hebdomadarum jejunia viſus ſum mihi verſari inter agmina Angelorum*, I call God to witneſſe, that after I had done my faſting weeks, me thought I was among the troops of Angels, to have private converſation with Queens of Angels; The firſt Chriſtians were raviſhed with a greater deſire of knowledge then of food; ſometimes lived three dayes together in contemplation, and never ate. *Raptus eſt ſupremus gradus contemplationis*, Rapture is the higheſt degree of contemplation, ſaith St. *Auguſtine*; which raiſes in man towering thoughts, irradiates his ſoul with high apprehenſions; and ſo elevates him to God, as it takes him out of himſelf, to live above himſelf. *Neſcio in quam dulcedinem duces me, Domine*, ſaid he in his rapture, I am not able to underſtand

derſtand that ſweetneſſe into which thou lead'ſt me, O my God.

The Soul being thus powerfully attracted by the inducement of ſo fair and divine delight, ſhe on her part correſponds, and with a willing aſſent glides after theſe attracts, and as a vapour exhal'd by the Sun, ſhe goes out of her ſelf, and would willingly draw the body with her, but that ſubſtance is too ſad; wherefore ſhe quits it as not agil, nor ſprightfull enough to ſoar ſo high; *O that my Soul had wings as a Dove, that I might flee, and be at reſt!* ſaith *David.*

It is an admirable thing to conſider, that the eye of a man ſo weak, ſo tender a piece, ſhould look up every day to heaven, ſo wonderfull in height, and yet never be tired by the way: by this I ſee that heavenly Contemplation, (which is the beſt Optick) if it be ſtrong enough, and not over-clogg'd with earthly thoughts, is able to carry us with eaſe to heavenly extaſie.

The Will takes pleaſure to perceive the Underſtanding (which is the

the Souls King) taken into rapture; and when the faculties both of Will and Underſtanding do intercommunicate their raviſhments, then are we ſweetly brought into divine extaſie; in which ſtate man feels nothing of the Humane, but dies in his life, and lives in his death.

Of this ſacred extaſie the Seraphicall Divines make three ſorts; one of underſtanding, a ſecond of affection, a third of action.

Action is added, becauſe a man is not to be above himſelf in Contemplation, and under himſelf in converſation. The firſt of the three is *in ſplendore*, in brightneſſe; the ſecond *in fervore*, in heat; the third *in labore*, in labour: the one cauſed by admiration, the other by devotion, the laſt by operation.

In theſe Raptures, the Fathers, who were ſtiled Saints, had ſuch a complacency, as they ſtrove to act this as the way of a new life, ſometimes before their death; inſomuch as the Votaries would ſay, *Never was a Saint*, but had extaſies, and raviſhment

ravishment of life before his death; they laboured by a liquefaction of their soules into God, to ensoule themselves in God, to put themselves out of the natural comportment of the body, and so to live in Divine extasie without living in the body.

This made Saint *Paul* to say, *I knew a man in Christ fourteen yeares ago, whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell.*

Some so lived, as it were doubted whether they were living men dead, or dead men living. Nay, some with fervencie of spirit were transported into such extasie, that their soules being wholly conversant in divine Contemplation, they cared not to afford common assistance to Nature, and so have died through exinanition and want of strength, conceiving there was no use of any creature, to them that enjoyed the Creator.

Thus did love perform the office of death, *Love is as strong as Death*, saith *Solomon*; nay, with them it wrought more then death

could do; for death only performeth by effect, that which love operateth by affection; Death did but ſeparate their bodies from their ſoules; but love ſeparated their ſoules from their bodies living.

In ſuch a trance they report S. *Baſil* to ſay, *That* Jacob, *when he had faſt hold on God, let him go for a bleſſing:* But the *Shulamite*, *My ſoule will not let thee go ſo:* For ſhe now ſeeks no more benedictions of God, but to enjoy the God of benedictions.

St. *Jerom* was wont to ſay, *O my Saviour, diddeſt thou die for love of me? A love more dolourous than death, but to me a death more lovely than love it ſelfe. I cannot live, love thee, and be longer from thee.*

When *Severinus*, the Indian Saint, was recovering from dying; it is reported he was heard to ſay, *O my God, do not for pitty, ſo over-joy me if I muſt ſtill live, and have ſuch conſolations, take me to heaven: for he that hath once taſted this and thy ſweetneſſe, muſt neceſſarily live afterwards in bitterneſſe.*

This

This is the ſtate of loves life in God, which giveth a ſuper-humane being unto man, man being yet on earth.

This ardent love engraffing me into God by her uniting vertue; makes me now to ſay, *Vivo ego ſed non ego, vivit vero in me Chriſtus*: Now I live, yet not I, but Chriſt liveth in me. *My life is hid in Chriſt with God.* And now me thinks I ſee him face to face, *Viſione illa beatificâ, & jugiter revelatâ facie, Sponſi gloriam ſpeculando, transformatur anima de claritate in claritatem: Audet & ipſa loqui*: in that bleſſed viſion, and face of God alwaies revealed, by viewing the glory of the Bridegroom, the ſoul is transformed from glory to glory; ſo that ſhe dare ſay, *Tota pulchra es amica*, Thou art all fair my love.

Who is this that cometh from Edom *with red garments from* Bozrah? *I now behold the day-ſpring from on high come to viſit me. Say then to the North, Give; and to the South, Reſtore: And ſo come Lord Jeſus, come quickly.*

MORTIS EPILOGUS.

The Concluſion of Death.

QUoniam Mors me quotidie expectat, ego mortem quotidie expectabo, becauſe death doth attend me daily, I will daily wait for death.

But before thou goeſt hence, conſider well theſe four things.

1. *Unde venis*, Whence thou comeſt.
2. *Quo vadis*, Whither thou goeſt.
3. *Quis es*, What thou art.
4. *Quid eris*, What thou ſhalt be.

Upon enquiry, *unde venio*, whence I come; I am told, *Peccatores peccatorem me in peccato genuerunt*, that ſinners begat me a ſinner in ſin.

Miſeri miſerum me in hanc lucis miſeriam induxerunt, miſerable wretches brought me a miſerable wretch into this vale of miſery.

Conceptus

Conceptus culpa, Nasci miseria, Vivere pœna, mors angustia; Et quanto est vita mea longior, tanto est culpa mea numerosior: My conception was sin, my birth misery, my life a punishment, my death a torment; and by how much my life is longer, by so much is my sin the greater.

This makes me think,

Quorsum commodata est mihi vita humana? to what end is this humane life lent unto me?

For this only,

Ad comparandam vitam cœlestem,
Et hoc vult divina clementia,
Quod vita mea sit brevior,
Ut labor meus sit levior.
To gaine an heavenly life,
And this is all divine love aims at;
That so my life may seem shorter,
And my labour may be lesse.

For

For my *Quo vado*, Whither go.

IT is lifes *Posie*, *Vadere*, to fade and decay.

Vado, I go, tells me, I am *in transitu*, in a passing state.

But it rejoyceth me to think,

Eo ad Patres, that I go to my fathers

And this hope comforts,

Sepelieris in ætate bonâ, thou shalt be buried in a good old age.

Therefore *nec me tædet vivere*, *nec timeo mori*: it neither troubles me to live, nor affrights me to die:

Mihi enim mors servit in solatium vitæ, for death helps to comfort my life

Vitam habeo in patientia, *mortem vero in desiderio*, and so I live in patience, and I die in desire.

Plangam ergo paulatim dolorem meum, *Et tunc oblitus exilii*, *ibo ad patriam*: I shall therefore a little while bewail my sorrow, and then forgetful of my banishment, I shall go to my Countrey.

Nam mortuâ morte revertitur mihi vita, for when death it self shall die, life will return to me again.

To

To expreſſe, *Quid ſum*, What I am.

Quis fando explicare queat? What ſpeech can that unfold?

Pulvis & Aër, Duſt and Aire, this I know;

Et in pulverem reverteris, and to duſt thou ſhalt return; this is ſure;

That *homo eſt morbidum, putre, caſſum*; man is a ſickly, rotten, empty thing.

Et in non hominem vertitur omnis homo, and that every man ſhall be turned into no man.

This every man finds.

Our metal is, *De humore liquido*, of a moiſt humour.

And the mold no better, *In utero impuro*, in an unclean womb.

Damnatus antequam natus, condemned ſooner than born, thats our condition.

Our beſt Stock is, *Semen Abrahæ*, the ſeed of *Abraham*.

Dicens putredini, ſaying to corruption, *Thou art my Mother*.

And to the worms, *You are my brethren.*

Here is our great kindred.

Our dwelling is, *inter pulices & culices*, amongst Flies ond Fleas.

Our quality vile, our weight lighter than vanity, our worth nothing.

What then is our being?

Somnium & dolor, a dream and sorrow.

If so,

Si natus sum plorans
Si morior plangens,
Nolo ego vivere ridens:
Hoc tantum volo,
Animam meam ornare, quæ Deo & Angelis
Mox præsentanda est in cœlis.

If weeping I be born, & weeping die
Why do I live so free and pleasantly
This only I desire
My soul to attire,
Which is to be presented by and by
To God and Angels, with all purity.

Now

Now for *Quid eris*, What thou ſhalt be?

This alſo I know.

Quod ſum, & me non eſſe ſcio. Sed id eſſe & noſſe deſidero. Nam videre Deum, vivere cum Deo. Eſſe in Deo, eſt habere Deum. Hoc eſt æterna ſecuritas, & ſecura æternitas: I know what I am, and therefore know my ſelf not to be. But yet I deſire both to be and know what I am. For to ſee God, and to live with God, is to be in God, and to have God: and this is eternal ſafety and ſecure eternity.

This may be admired, hardly underſtood:

Yet better underſtood, then can be expreſſed.

Therefore to my ſoul I ſay not, *O Animula, blandula, vagula*, O poor, pretty, wandering ſoul! But, *O Anima Dei inſignita imagine, Decorata ſimilitudine, Deſponſata Fide, Redempta Sanguine, Dotata Spiritu, Deputata cum Angelis Quid tibi cum carne?*

carne? O ſoul, Ennobled with the Image of God, Adorned with his likeneſſe, Eſpouſed to him by faith, Redeemed by his blood, Endowed with his Spirit, Ranked with his Angels, What haſt thou to do with fleſh?

But to contemplate.

Quanta claritas, quanta ſuavitas, quanta jucunditas maneat me in illa viſione, cùm facie ad faciem videbo Chriſtum! Oh what brightneſſe, what ſweetneſſe, what pleaſure remaineth for me in that viſion, where I ſhall behold Chriſt face to face!

O Lord, hear my words, conſider my Meditations, Pſal. 5.

A Prayer

A Prayer for to be uſed by the ſick.

O give me the comfort of thy help again, and *ſtabliſh me* with thy free Spirit.

O Eternall and omnipotent, and incomprehenſible GOD, *Lord of* my *life*, and determiner of my daies: my body now is *reſolving into duſt*

duſt, and my ſoul *returning to thee that gaveſt it.* O Lord moſt holy, O God moſt mighty; O holy and mercifull *Saviour* thou moſt worthy Judge eternall ſuffer us not at our laſt hour for any pain of death to fall from thee, *draw near unto me*, who make haſte to come unto thee. Give me a clearer ſight of thee, by how much the nearer I am out of the dark priſon of my body: Give me alſo a quicker *taſte of the powers of the life to come*, that I may more comfortably paſſe over theſe laſt troubles of this preſent life. O Lord, *my ſoul is heavy even unto death*; for the weight of all my ſins (aggravated by the devill) is at once upon me, and I ſink and faint under this *burden which is too heavy for me to bear*: *neither is there any means under heaven to eaſe* me of it, but by laying it upon him that *hath born our infirmities & carried our ſorrows*, the Lord *Jeſus Chriſt thou art the only phyſician heal me, thou art the the good Samaritan pity me, thou art the Reſurrection and life quicken me. O Father of mercy, and God of all conſolation*

consolation, let not the guilt of my sins, or horror of thy judgements, or Satans suggestions, or the fear of death, or terrors of hell drive me to desperation. I confess that for my unmindfulnesse of thee, and ungratefulnesse to thee, all my life, I deserve that thou shouldest utterly abandon & forsake me now at my death: *but thy thoughts are not like our thoughts nor* thy affections like ours. *Though a woman could forget the fruit of her womb, yet thou wilt not*, nor canst not *forget* those that trust in thee. *Thy gifts and graces are without repentance, and whom thou lovest, thou lovest to the end. Thou wilt not break a bruised reed, nor quench the smoaking flax.* Thou hast *severely corrected* me in this thy fearfull visitation; yet thou *hast not*, and I stedfastly believe, *wilt not give me over to eternall death.* Dear Father, *shew thy strength in my* greatest *weaknes*: confirm thy mercy to me in my greatest need; apply thy comfort to me in this my last extremity, Asswage the pains of my body with ghostly comforts; and diminish *the fear of death*, by the

the assured hope of a *better life.* Call to my mind (whilest yet I breath) all the errors of my understanding, that I may timely revoke them; all the sins of my will, that I may heartily bewaile them; all the testimonies of thy love, that I may gratefully acknowledge them; all the *promises of thy Gospell*, that I may comfortably embrace; all my holy vows and purposes, that I may finally confirm them; and gracious Lord, *accept the will for the deed.* O let me that am now returning to *dust and ashes speak but this once to my Lord*, and Maker. With all my heart, soul, and strength, I beseech thee, by all that my Saviour *Jesus Christ* hath done and suffered for me, I intreat thee, *speak peace to my soul* at her departing, and *say unto her, I am thy salvation.* Make my election sure by my true repentance, fervent charity, assured confidence, constant patience, comfortable perseverance unto the end, and in the end.

Another

Another prayer to be used at the visiting of the sick.

O let thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint.

O Most Glorious *Creator*, gracious *Redeemer*, everlasting *Comforter*, *Lord God Almighty*, *send me aid and help from heaven* in this my last and most dreadfull conflict with all the *powers of hell and darkenesse*. Arm me with thy *compleat armor*, and *endue me with power from above*, to vanquish satan and his infernall bands and to *quench all the fiery darts of the wicked*, in the bloud of my Redeemer. I am thine, O *God the Father*, by the right of Creation: I am thine, O *God the Son*, by the right of thy purchase: I am thine, O *God the holy Ghost*, by the right of thine inhabitation, and possession: save me *Father* by thy power: save me *Son*, by thy merits: save me *holy Spirit*, by thy grace. O holy blessed, and glorious Trinity, *whose power no creature is able to resist*; rebuke and confound thine enemy

enemy that goeth about to *deface thine image* in me, to ſpoile thy workmanſhip to deſtroy him for whom thou, O Son, offeredſt thy ſelf on the Croſſe by the eternall Spirit to *the Father*. O *Father*, be now to me a *Father* in my greateſt diſtreſſe: O *Jeſus*, be to me a *Jeſus* in my greateſt danger: O *Comforter*, be to me a *Comforter* in my greateſt afflictions. *Holy and righteous Judge eternal*, ſatan taketh advantage of thy fatherly chaſtiſing me; he grows ſtrong againſt me by this my great weakneſſe; now he rageth moſt furiouſly, becauſe *his time is ſhort*; he aſſaulteth me every way: by ſubtle ſuggeſtions, by fearfull viſions and apparitions; he terrifieth my fleſh with the ugly ſhape of death he affrighteth my conſcience with the horror of the laſt judgment, & ſcorcheth my ſoul even with flaſhes of hell fire. *O Father of Spirits, deliver not the ſoul of thy turtle Dove (that mourneth to thee day and night) as a prey unto him.* Though never ſo deformed, yet I am thy work, O God my *Father*; though never ſo vile;

yet

yet I am thy purchaſe, *O God my Redeemer*; though never ſo polluted, yet I am thy Temple, *O God my Sanctifier*. Faithfull *Creator*, preſerve the work of thine hand; faithful *Redeemer*, preſerve the purchaſe of thy bloud; faithfull *Sanctifier*, preſerve the temple of thine honour. *I abhor my ſelf, and repent in duſt and aſhes*, and I conceive more griet than I am able to expreſſe, for abuſing thy works, O *Father*; thy Word and Sacraments, O *Son*; thy gifts and graces, O *Spirit*. *Father* forgive me all ſins of infirmity againſt thy power; *Son* forgive me all ſins of ignorance againſt thy wiſdome; *Holy Ghoſt*, forgive me all ſins of malice againſt thy grace. Moſt mighty *Father*, vouchſafe mee thy protection: Moſt merciſull *Son*, grant me thy peace: moſt gracious *Spirit*, give me thy comfort, that I may ſafely, peaceably, and cheerfully leave this vale of teares. *Father* poſſeſſe me of the kingdom which thou, O *Son*, haſt purchaſed, and thou, O *Spirit*, haſt ſealed unto me. *Into thy hands, O Father*, who *breathedſt into me the Spirit of life*; Into thy hands, O *Son*,

O *Son*, who breathedſt out thy ſpirit for me; into thy hands, O *Holy Spirit*, who *renewedſt a right ſpirit within me*, and haſt comforted my ſpirit to the laſt galpe, *I now commend my Soul & body & all that is within me to bleſſe thy holy name.* Amen.

A prayer at the hour of death.

I am in miſery and like to him that is at the point to dye from my youth up thy terrours have I Suffered with a troubled minde.

WElcome bleſſed hour, the period of my pilgrimage, the term of my bondage, the end of my cares, the cloſe of my ſighes, the bound of my travels, the goale of my race, & the haven of my hopes. *I have fought a long fight* in much weakneſs: *I have finiſhed my courſe*, though in great faintneſs, and the crown of my joy is, that through the ſtrength of thy grace, *I have kept the true faith*, and now I die in it. I willingly reſign my Soul and Body into thy hand. I will lay me down and take my Reſt: I *deſpiſe the world*, and I defy the devill, who hath no part nor ſhare in me. *And now, what is my hope? my hope, Lord Jeſus, is*

even

ven in thee. For I know that thou my Redeemer livest, and thou wilt immediate receive my soul, and raise up my body also *at the last day*, and *I shall see thee in my flesh with these eyes and no other. My heart fainteth, my strength faileth*, my tongue faltereth: Lord let thy *Spirit of comfort* help mine infirmities, and *make supplication* for me with sighes *and groans that cannot be expressed.* I submit my self wholly to thy will: *I commit my soul to thee as my faithfull Redeemer* who hast bought it with thy most precious blood. I professe to all the world, *I know no name under heaven, by which I may be saved*, but thine, my *Jesus* my *Saviour*, renounce all confidence in any merits save thine: I thankfully acknowledge all thy blessings; I unfainedly bewaile all my sins; I stedfastly beleeve all thy promises; I heartily forgive all mine enemies; I willingly leave all my friends; I utterly loath all earthly comforts; I intirely long for thy coming. *When shall I come before thy presence, in thy presence is fulness of joy and at thy right hand is pleasure for ever more.*

Come Lord Jesus, come quickly; Lord Jesus receive my spirit.

THE

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